II.

Posthumus

BARTAS.

The Fore-noone

of

The fourth Day of his Second Week:

Containing

1. *THE TROPHEIS.*
2. *THE MAGNIFICENCE.*
3. _____
4. _____

Translated,

&

Dedicated

To the KINGS *Maiestie:*

By

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

acceptam refero.

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1607.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Kings moſt Excellent Maieſtie.

A Sonnet.

THe glorious WORKS, *and gratefull* Monuments
Built by du BARTAS, *on the* Pyreneis
(*Your* Royal Vertues *to immortalize*;
And magnifie your rich Munificence)
Haue bin ſo charge-full to Tranſport *from thence*,
That our ſmall Art's-*ſtock hardly could ſuffize*
To vnder-go ſo great an Enterprize;
But is euen beggerd with th' vn-caſt Expence.
So that, except our Muſes *Souveraign*
With gracious eye reguard her ſpent eſtate,
And, with a hand of Princely Fauour, *daign*
To ſtay her Fall (*before it bee too-late*)
Shee needs muſt fail; *as* (*lending light about*)
Self-ſpending Lamps, for lack of Oyle, go-out.

Voy Sire Saluſte.

4 1062

THE TROPHEIS.

The first booke of the fourth *Day of the second Weeke*, of BARTAS.

THE ARGVMENT.

Saul's *fall from* Fauour, *into Gods* Disgrace.
Dauid *design'd* Successor *in his Place*;
Brauing Goliah, *and the* Philistins,
He brauely foiles: He flyeth his furious Prince.
Seem-Samuel *rais'd*: Saul *routed*; *selfely-slain.*
King-Dauids TROPHEIS, *& triumphant Raign:*
His heauẽly Harp-*skil* (*in King* IAMES *renewd*):
His humane frailty, heauily pursewd.
Bersabé *bathing*: Nathan *bold-reprouing:*
Dauid *repẽting* (*Our* REPENTANCE *moning*).

HEroike force and Prince-fit forme withall,
Honor the Scepter of couragious *Saul*;
Successe confirmes it: for, the power Diuine
Tames by his hand th'outragious *Philistine*,
Edom, and *Moab*, and the *Ammonite*,
And th'euer-wicked, curst *Amalekite*:
O too-too-happy, if his arrogance
Had not transgrest Heauens sacred Ordinance:

But therefore, God in's ſecret Counſel (iuſt)
Him euen already from his Throne hath thruſt,
Degraded of his gifts: and in his ſteed
(Though priuily) anointed *Ieſſes* Seed,
Th' honour of *Iacob*, yea of th' Vniuerſe,
Heaun's-darling *DAVID*, *Subiect* of my Verſe,
Lord, ſith I cannot (nor I may not once)
Aſpire to *DAVIDS* Diadems and Thrones;
Nor lead behind my bright *Tryumphal-Car*
So many Nations Conquered in War:
Nor (*DAVID*-like) my trembling Aſps adorn
With bloody *TROPHEIS* of my Foes forlorn:
Vouchſafe mee yet his *Verſe*, and (Lord) I craue
Let me his Harp-ſtrings, not his Bowe-ſtrings haue;
His Lute, and not his Launce, to worthie-ſing
Thy glorie, and the honor of thy King.
For, none but *DAVID* can ſing *DAVIDS* worth:
Angels in Heau'n thy glory ſound; in Earth,
DAVID alone; whom (with Heau'ns loue ſurpriz'd)
To prayſe thee there, thou now haſt Angeliz'd.
Giue mee the Laurel, not of War, but Peace;
Or rather giue mee (if thy grace ſo pleaſe)
The *Ciuik Garland* of green Oaken boughes,
Thrice-three times wreath'd about my glorious browes,
To euer-witnes to our after-frends
How I haue reskew'd my con-Citizens,
Whom profane *Fames-Thirſt* day and night did moue
To be be-ſlav'd to th' yoake of wanton *Loue:*
For, (not to mee, but to thee, Lord, be prayſe)
Now, by th' example of my *Sacred* Layes,
To *Sacred Loues* our nobleſt ſpirits are bent,
And thy rich Name's their only Argument.
HEE, WHOM in priuat wals, with priuie ſigne,
The great King-maker did for *King* aſſigne,
Begins to ſhow himſelfe: a fier ſo great
Could not liue flame-les long: nor would God let

So

So noble a ſpirits nimble edge to ruſt
In Shepheards idle and ignoble duſt.
My ſonne, how certain wee that *Saying* proue,
That doubtfull Fear ſtil wayts on tender Loue?
DAVID (ſaith *Ieſſe*) I am full of fears
For thy deer Brethren: Each Aſſault, ſalt tears
Draws from mine eyes; mee thinks each point doth ſtab
Mine *Eliab*, *Samna*, and *Aminadab*.
Therefore goe viſite them, and with this Food
Beare them my Bleſſing; ſay I wiſh them good,
Beſeeching God to ſhield and them ſuſtain,
And ſend them (ſoon) victorious home againe.
Gladly goes *DAVID*, and anon doth ſpie
Two ſteep high Hils where the two Armies lie,
A Vale diuides them; where, in raging mood
(*Coloſſus*-like) an armed Giant ſtood:
His long black locks hung ſhagged (ſlouen-like)
A-down his ſides: his buſh-beard floated thick;
His hands and arms, and boſom briſtled were
(Moſt Hedg-hog-like) with wyer inſteed of haire.
His foul blaſphemous mouth, a Caues mouth is;
His eyes two Brands, his belly an Abyſſe:
His legs two Pillers; and to ſee him go,
Hee ſeemd ſome ſteeple reeling to and fro.
A Cypreſſe-Tree of fifteen Summers old,
Pyramid-wiſe waues on his Helm of gold.
Whoſe gliſtering brightnes doth (with rayes direct)
Againſt the Sun, the Sun it ſelf reflect:
Much like a Comet blazing bloodie-bright
Ouer ſome Cittie, with new threatful light,
Preſaging down-fal, or ſome diſmal fate,
Too-neer approaching to ſome ancient State:
His Launce a Loom-beam, or a Maſt (as big)
Which yet he ſhaketh as an Oſier twig;
Whoſe harmful point is headed ſtifly-ſtraight
With burniſht Braſſe aboue an Anuils waight:

Vpon whoſe top (in ſtead of Bannaret)
A hiſſing Serpent ſeemes his foes to threat:
His brazen Cuiraſſe, not a Squire can carrie,
For 'tis the burthen of a Dromedarie:
His Shield (where *Cain* his brother *Abel* ſlaies,
Where *Chus* his ſon, Heau'n-climbing Towrs doth raiſe;
Where th' *Arke* of God, to th' *Heathen* captiuate,
To *Dagon*'s Houſe is led with ſcorne and hate)
Is like a Curtain made of double planks
To ſaue from ſhot ſome hard-beſieged Ranks.
His threatfull voice is like the ſtormefull Thunder
When hot-cold Fumes teare ſulphury clowds aſunder.
O Fugitiues, this is the fortieth day
(Thus barkes the Dog) that I haue ſtalked aye
About your fearefull Hoaſt: that I alone
Againſt your beſt and choiceſt Champion,
In ſingle Combat might our cauſe conclude,
To ſhun the ſlaughter of the multitude.
Come then, who dares; and to be ſlaine by mee,
It ſhall thine honour and high Fortune bee.
Why am I not leſſe ſtrong? my common ſtrength
Might find ſome Braue to cope with at the length.
But, fie for ſhame, when ſhall we ceaſe this geare?
I to defie, and you to flie for feare?
If your hearts ſerue not to defend your Lot,
Why are you arm'd? why rather yeeld you not?
Why rather doe you (ſith you dare not fight)
Not proue my mildneſſe, than prouoke my might?
What needed Coats of braſſe and Caps of ſteele
For ſuch as (Hare-like) truſt but to their heele?
But, ſith I ſee not one of you (alas)
Alone dares meete, nor looke me in the face,
Come tenne, come twenty, nay come all of you,
And in your ayde let your great God come too:
Let him rake Hell, and ſhake the Earth in ſunder,
Let him be arm'd with Lightning and with Thunder:

Come,

Come, let him come and buckle with mee here:
Your goodly God, leſſe then your ſelues, I feare.
Thus hauing ſpewd, the dreadful *Cyclop* ſtirr'd
His monſtrous Limbes; beneath his feet he reard
A Clowd of duſt: and, whereſoe're he wend,
Flight, Feare, and Death, his ghaſtly ſteps attend.
Euen as a payr of buſie chattering Pies,
Seeing ſome hardie Tercell, from the skies
To ſtoop with rau'nous ſeres, feele a chill feare,
From buſh to buſh, wag-tayling here and there;
So that no noyſe, nor ſtone, nor ſticke can make
The timorous Birds their Couert to forſake:
So th' *Hebrue* Troopes this brauing Monſter ſhun;
And from his ſight, ſome here, ſome there, doo run.
In vaine the King commands, intreats, and threats;
And hardly three or foure together gets.
What ſhame (ſaith he) that our victorious Hoaſt
Should all be daunted with one Pagans boaſt?
Braue *Ionathan*, how is thy courage quaild
Which, yerſt at *Boſes*, all alone aſſaild
Th' whole *Heathen* Hoaſt? O Worthy *Abner* too,
What chance hath cut thy Nerues of Valour now?
And thou thy ſelfe (ô *Saul*) whoſe Conquering hand
Had yerſt with *Tropheis* filled all the Land,
As far as *Tigris*, from the *Iáphean* Sea:
Where is thy heart? how is it fall'n away?
Saul is not *Saul*: O then, what *Izraelite*
Shall venge God's honor and Our ſhame acquight?
Who, ſpurrd with anger, but more ſtirrd with Zeale,
Shall foile this Pagan, and free *Izrael*?
O, who ſhall bring mee this Wolf's howling head,
That Heauen and Earth hath ſo vn-hallowed?
What e're he be, that (lauiſh of his ſoule)
Shall with his blood waſh-out this blot ſo foule,
I will innoble him, and all his Houſe;
Hee ſhall enioy my Daughter for his Spouſe:

And euer ſhal a Deed ſo memorable
Bee (with the Saints) ſacred and honorable.
Yet, for the *Duel* no man dares appeer:
All wiſh the Prize; but none wil win't ſo deer:
Big-looking Minions, braue in vaunts and vows,
Lions in Court, now in the Camp be Cows:
But, euen the blaſt that cools their courage ſo,
That makes my *DAVIDS* valiant rage to glowe.
My Lord (ſaith Hee) behold, this hand ſhal bring
Th'heau'n-ſcorning head vnto my Lord the King..
Alas, my Lad, ſweet Shepheard (anſwers *Saul*)
Thy hart is great; although thy limbs be ſmall:
High flie thy thoughts; but wee haue need of more,
More ſtronger Toyles to take ſo wilde a Boare:
To tame *Goliah*, needs ſom Demi-god,
Some *Nimrod*, rather then a Shepheard-Lad
Of ſlender growth, vpon whoſe tender Chin
The budding doun doth ſcarcely yet begin.
Keep therefore thine owne Rank, and draw not thus
Death on thy ſelf, diſ-honor vpon vs,
With ſhame and ſorrow on all *Izrael*,
Through end-les Thraldom to a Fo ſo fel.
The fainteſt Harts, God turns to Lions fierce,
To Eagles Doues, Vanquiſht to Vanquiſhers:
God, by a womans feeble hand ſubdews
Iabins Lieutenant, and a Iudge of *Iews*.
God is my ſtrength: therefore (O King) forbear,
For *Izrael*, for Thee, or Mee, to fear:
No ſelf-preſumption makes mee raſhly braue;
Aſſured pledge of his prowd head I haue.
Seeſt thou theſe arms (my Lord) theſe very arms
(Steeld with the ſtrength of the great God of Arms)
Haue bath'd Mount *Bethlem* with a Lions blood:
Theſe very arms, beſide a ſhady Wood,
Haue ſlain a Bear, which (greedy after prey)
Had torn and born my fatteſt ſheep away.

My

My God is ſtill the ſame: this ſauage Beaſt,
Which in his Fold would make a Slaughter-feaſt,
All-ready feels his fury, and my force;
My foot al-ready tramples on his Corps:
With his own ſword his curſed length I lop,
His head al-ready on the ground doth hop.
The Prince beholds him, as amaz'd and mute,
To ſee a mind ſo yong, ſo reſolute:
Then ſon (ſaith he) ſith ſo confirmd thou art,
Go, and Gods bleſsing on thy valiant hart;
God guide thy hand, and ſpeed thy weapon ſo,
That thou return triumphant of thy Fo.
Hold, take my Corſlet, and my Helm, and Launce,
And to the Heau'ns thy happie Prowes aduance.
The faithful Champion, being furniſht thus,
Is like the Knight, which twixt *Eridanus*
And th'heau'nly *Star-Ship*, marching brauely-bright
(Hauing his Club, his Caſque, and Belt bedight
With flaming ſtuds of many a twinkling Ray)
Turns Winters night into a Summers day.
But, yer that hee had half a furlong gon,
The maſsie Launce and Armour hee had on
Did load him ſo, hee could not freely moone
His legs and arms, as might him beſt behoouee:
Euen ſo, an *Iriſh* Hobby, light and quick
(Which on the ſpur ouer the bogs they prick
In higheſt ſpeed) If on his back hee feel
Too-ſad a Saddle plated all with ſteel,
Too-hard a Bit with-in his mouth; behind,
Crooper and Trappings him too-cloſe to binde;
Hee ſeems as lame, hee flings, and wil not go;
Or, if hee ſtir, it is but ſtiff and ſlowe.
DAVID therefore lays-by his heauie load,
And, on the grace of the great glorious *GOD*
(Who by the weakeſt can the ſtrongeſt ſtoop)
Hee firmly founding his victorious hope,

No Arrows ſeeks, nor other Arcenall;
But, by the Brooke that runnes amid the Vale,
Hee takes fiue Pebbles and his Sling, and ſo,
Courageiouſly incounters with his Foe.
What Combat's this? On the one ſide, I ſee
A mooning Rocke, whoſe lookes do terrifie
Euen his owne Hoaſt; whoſe march doth ſeeme to make
The Mountaine tops of *Sueath* euen to ſhake:
On th'other ſide, a ſlender tender Boy
Where grace and beautie for the prize doo play:
Shaue but the doun that on his Chin doth peer
And one would take him for *Anchiſes* Pheer:
Or, change but weapons with that wanton Elf,
And one would think that it were *Cupids* ſelf.
Gold on his head, ſkarlet in either Cheeke,
Grace in each part and in each geſt, alike;
In all ſo louely, both to Foe and Friend,
That very Enuy cannot but Commend
His match-les beauties: and though ardent zeale
Fluſh in his face againſt the Infidel,
Although his Furie fume, though vp and downe
Hee nimblie trauerſe, though he fiercely frowne,
Though in his breaſt boyling with manly heat,
His ſwelling heart do ſtrongly pant and beat;
His Storme is Calm, and from his modeſt eyes
Euen gratious ſeemes the grimmeſt flaſh that flies.
Am I a Dog, thou Dwarf, thou Dandiprat,
To be with ſtones repell'd and palted at?
Or art thou wearie of thy life ſo ſoone?
O fooliſh boy, fantaſticall Baboone!
That neuer ſaw'ſt but ſheep in all thy life;
Poore ſotte, 'tis heere another kind of ſtrife:
We wraſtle not (after your Shepheards guiſe)
For painted Sheep-hooks, or ſuch pettie Prize;
Or for a Cage, a Lamb, or bread and cheeſe:
The Vanquiſht Head muſt be the Victors Fees.

Where

Where is thy ſweatie duſt? thy ſun-burnt skars,
(The glorious marks of Soldiers train'd in Warres)
That make thee dare ſo much? O Ladie-Cow,
Thou ſhalt no more be-ſtar thy wanton brow
With thine eyes rayes: Thy Miſtreſſe ſhall no more
Curl the quaint Treſſes of thy Golden ore:
I'll trample on that Gold; and Crowes and Pyes
Shall peck the pride of thoſe ſweet-ſmiling eyes:
Yet, no (my guirle-boy) no, I will not file
My feared hands with blood ſo faintlie-vile:
Go ſeeke thy match, thou ſhalt not die by mee,
Thine honor ſhall not my diſhonor be:
No (ſilly Lad) no, wert thou of the Gods,
I would not fight at ſo vn-knightly ods.
Come barking Curre (the *Hebrue* taunts him thus)
That haſt blaſphem'd the God of Gods, and vs;
The ods is mine (villain, I skorne thy Boaſts)
I haue for Aide th'almightie Lord of Hoaſts.
Th' *Ethnik's* a-fier, and from his goggle eyes
All drunk with rage and blood, the Lightning flies:
Out of his beuer, like a Boare he foames:
A helliſh Furie in his boſome roames:
As mad hee marcheth with a dreadful paſe,
Death and deſtruction muſter in his face;
Hee would a-freſh blaſpheam the Lord of Lords
With new deſpights; but in the ſteed of words
He can but gnaſh his teeth. Then, as an Oxe
Straid twixt the hollow of ſteep hils and Rocks, (nings,
Through craggie Coombs, through dark & ragged tur-
Lowes hideouſly his ſolitarie Moornings:
The Tyrant ſo from his cloſe helmet blunders
With horrid noiſe, and this harſh voice hee thunders:
Thy God raignes in his Arke, and I on Earth:
I Chalenge Him, Him (if he dare come forth,)
Not thee, baſe *Pigmé*. Villaine (ſaies the *Iew*)
That blaſphemie thou inſtantly ſhalt rue,

If

If e'r you ſaw (at Sea) in Summer weather,
A Galley and a Caraque cope together;
(How th'one ſteers quick, and th'other veers as ſlowe
Lar-boord and ſtar-boord, from the poop to prowe;
This, on the winde; that, on her Owres relies;
This daunteth moſt; and that moſt damnifies)
You may conceaue this Fight: th'huge *Polypheme*
Stands ſtifly ſhaking his ſteel-pointed beam:
Dauid dooth trauerſe (round about him) light,
Forward and back, to th'left hand, and the right,
Steps in and out; now ſtoops, anon hee ſtretches;
Then hee recoyls, on either hand hee reaches;
And ſtoutly-actiue, watching th'aduerſe blowes,
In euery poſture dooth himſelf diſpoſe.

As, when (at Cock-pit) two old Cocks doo fight,
(Briſtling their plumes, and (red with rage) do ſmight
With ſpurs and beak, bounding at euery blowe,
With freſh aſſaults freſhing their furie ſo,
That, deſperate in their vn-yeelding wrath
Nothing can end their deadly fewd but death)
The Lords about, that on both ſides doe bet,
Looke partially when th'one the Field ſhall get,
And, trampling on his gaudie plumed pride,
His proſtrate Fo with bloody ſpurs beſtride,
With clanging Trumpet and with clapping wing,
Triumphantly his Victory to ſing:
So th'*Hebrew* Hoaſt, and ſo the *Heathen* ſtranger
(Not free from fear, but from the preſent danger)
Behold with paſſion theſe two Knights, on whom
They both haue wagerd both their Fortunes ſum:
And either ſide, with voice and geſture too,
Hartens and cheers their Champion well to doo;
So earneſt all, that almoſt euery one
Seemes euen an Actor, not a looker-on:
All feel the Skirmiſh twixt their Hope and Fear,
All caſt their eyes on this ſad Theater:

All

All on theſe two depend, as very Founders
Of their good Fortune, or their Fates Confounders.
O Lord, ſaid DAVID (as he whirld his Sling)
Be bowe and Bowe-man of this ſhaft I fling.
With ſudden ſlerk the fatal hemp lets go
The humming Flint, which with a deadly blowe
Pearçt inſtantly the *Pagans* ghaſtly Front,
As deep as Piſtol-ſhot in boord is wont.
The villain 's ſped (cries all the *Hebrew* band)
The Dog, the Atheiſt feels Gods heauy hand.
Th' *Iſacian* Knight, ſeeing the blowe, ſtands ſtil.
Fro th' Tyrants wound his ruddie ſoule doth trill,
As from a crack in any pipe of Lead
(That conuoyes Water from ſome Fountaines head)
Hiſſing in th' Aire, the captiue Stream doth ſpin
In ſiluer threds her cryſtall humor thin.
The Giant, wiping with his hand his wound,
Cries tuſh, 'tis nothing: but eftſoones the ground
Sunk vnder him, his face grew pale and wan,
And all his limbs to faint and fail began:
Thrice heaues he vp his head, it hangs as faſt,
And all a-long lies *Iſaacs* dread at laſt,
Couering a rood of Land; and in his Fall,
Reſembles right a lofty Tower or Wall,
Which to lay leuel with the humble ſoil
A hundred Miners day and night doo toil;
Till at the length ruſhing with thundrous roar,
It ope a breach to th' hardy Conquerour.
Then, two lowd cries, a glad and ſad, were heard:
Wherewith reuiu'd, the vaunting Tyrant ſtird,
Re-ſummoning vnder his weak Controule
The fainting Remnants of his flying Soule;
And (to be once more buckling yer he dies,
With blowe for blowe) he ſtriues in vain to riſe.
Such as in life, ſuch in his death he ſeems;
For euen in death he curſes and blaſphemes:

And,

And as a Curre, that cannot hurt the flinger,
Flies at the ſtone and biteth that for anger;
Goliah bites the ground, and his own hands,
As Traytors, falſe to his fel hearts commands.
Then the *Hebrew* Champion heads the Infidel
With his owne ſword, and ſends his ſoule to Hell.
Pagans diſperſe; and the *Philiſtian* ſwarms
Haue armes for burthen, and haue flight for armes;
Danger behinde, and ſhame before their face:
Rowting themſelues, although none giue them chaſe.
Armi-potent, Omni-potent, my God,
O let thy Praiſe fill all the Earth abroad;
Let *Izrael* (through Thee, victorious now)
Inceſſant ſongs vnto thy Glory vowe:
And let me, Lord (ſaid *DAVID*) euer chuſe
Thee ſole, for Subiect of my ſacred *Muſe*.
O wondrous ſpectacle! vn-heard-of-Sight!
The Monſter's beaten-down, before the Fight:
A Dwarf, a Sheepheard, conquers (euen vn-armd)
A Giant tell, a famous Captain, armd.
From a fraile Sling this Batterie neuer came,
But 'twas the Breach of a Tower-razing Ram:
This was no caſt of an vncertain Slinger,
'Twas Croſſe-bow-ſhot: rather it was the finger
Of the All-mightie (not this hand of mine)
That wrought this work ſo wondrous in our eyne:
This hath Hee done, that by a woman weake
Can likewiſe ſtone the ſtout *Abimelech*:
Therefore, for euer, ſinging ſacred Layes,
I will record his glorious Power and Praiſe.
Then, *Iacob*'s Prince him ioyfully imbraces,
Prefers to honours, and with fauours graces,
Imployes him farre and nigh; and farre and neere,
From all ſad cares he doth his Soueraigne cleere.
In Camp he Curbs the *Pagans* arrogance:
In Court he cures the Melancholy Trance

That

That toyles his ſoule; and, with his tunefull Lyre,
Expels th'ill Spirit which doth the body tyre.
For, with her ſheath, the ſoule commerce frequents,
And acts her office by his inſtruments;
After his pipe ſhe dances: and againe
The body ſhares her pleaſure and her paines;
And by exchange, reciprocally borrowes
Some meaſure of her ſolace and her ſorrowes.
Th'Eare (doore of knowledge) with ſweete warbles
Sends them eftſoones vnto the Soule diſeaſ'd, [pleaſ'd,
With darke blacke rage, our ſpirits pacifies,
And calmely cooles our inward flame that fries.
So, O *Tyrtéus*, changing Harmonie,
Thy Rowt thou changeſt into Victorie.
So, O thrice-famous, Princely *Pellean*,
Holding thy hart's raines in his Tune-full hand,
Thy *Timothie* with his Melodious skill
Armes and diſ-armes thy Worlds-dread arme (at will),
And with his *Phrygian* Muſicke, makes the ſame
As Lion fierce; with *Dorik*, mild as Lambe.
So, while in *Argos* the chaſte Violon
For's abſent Soueraigne doth graue-ſweetly groan,
Queen *Clytemneſtra* doth reſiſt th'alarmes
Of lewd *Ægyſthus*, and his luſt-ful Charmes.
So, at the ſound of the ſweet-warbling braſſe,
The Prophet rapting his ſoule's ſoule a ſpace,
Refines him ſelfe, and in his fantaſie
Graues deepe the ſeale of ſacred Propheſie.
For, if our Soule bee Number (ſome ſo thought)
It muſt with Number be refreſhed oft;
Or, made by Number (ſo I yeeld to ſing)
We muſt the ſame with ſome ſweet Numbers bring
To ſome good Tune: euen as a voyce (ſometime)
That in its Part ſings out of tune and time,
Is by another voice (whoſe meaſur'd ſtraine
Cuſtome and Arte confirmes) brought in againe.

It

It may be too, that DAVIDs ſacred Ditty
Quickned with *Holy-Writ*, and couched witty,
Exorciſt-like, chac't *Natures* cruel Fo,
Who the Kings ſoule did toſſe and torture ſo.
How e'r it were, He is (in euery thing)
A profitable ſeruant to the King:
Who enuious yet of his high Feats and Fame,
His Faith, and Fortitude, diſtruſts the ſame:
And, the diuine Torch of his Vertues bright
Brings him but ſooner to his lateſt Night;
Saue that the Lord ſtill ſhields him from on hy,
And turnes to Triumph all his Tragedy.
O bitter ſweet! I burſt (thus raues the King)
To hear them all, in Camp and Court to ſing,
SAVL *he hath ſlain a thouſand*, DAVID *ten*,
Ten thouſand DAVID. O faint ſcorn of men!
Lo, how, with Luſtre of his glorious parts,
Hee ſteals-away the giddie peoples harts;
Makes lying Prophets ſooth him at a beck;
Thou art but King in name, Hee in effect:
Yet thou endur'ſt it; haſte thee, haſte thee (Sot)
Choak in the Cradle his aſpiring Plot;
Preuent his hopes, and wiſely-valiant
Off with his head that would thy foot ſupplant.
Nay, but beware; his death (belov'd ſo wel)
Will draw thee hatred of all *Iſrael*.
Sith then ſo high his heady valour flies,
Sith common glory cannot him ſuffice,
Sith Danger vpon Danger hee purſews,
And Victorie on Victory renewes;
Let's put him to't: Let's make him Generall,
Feed him with winde, and hazard him in all:
So ſhall his own Ambitious Courage bring
For Crown a Coffin to our *Iunior* King:
Yea, had hee *Sangars* ſtrength, and *Samſons* too,
Hee ſhould not ſcape the taske I'll put him to.

But

But yet, our DAVID more then all atchieues,
And more and more his grace and glory thriues:
The more he doos, the more hee dares aduenture,
His reſt-les Valour ſeeks ſtill new Aduenture.
For, feeling him armd with th'Almightys Spirit,
He recks no danger (at the leaſt to fear it).
Then, what doos *Saul?* when as he ſaw no ſpeed
By ſword of Foes ſo great a Fo to rid?
Hee tries his owne: and one-while threw his dart,
At vn-awares to thrill him to the hart:
Or treacherouſly hee layes ſom ſubtill train,
At boord, or bed, to haue him (harm-les) ſlain:
On nothing elſe dreams the diſloyall wretch,
But *Dauids* death; how *Dauid* to diſpatch.
Which had bin don, but for his Son the Prince,
(Who deerly tenders *Dauids* Innocence,
And neerly marks and harks the Kings Deſignes,
And warns the *Ieſſean* by ſuſpect-les ſignes)
But for the kinde Couragious *Ionathan*,
Who (but attended onely with his man)
Neer *Senean* Rocks diſcomfited, alone,
The *Philiſtines* victorious Gariſon.
About his eares a Shower of Shafts dooth fall;
His Shield's too-narrow to receiue them all:
His ſword is duld with ſlaughter of his Foes,
Wherefore the dead hee at the liuing throwes,
Head-lined helmes, heawn from their trunks he takes,
And thoſe his vollies of ſwift ſhot hee makes.
The Heathen Hoaſt dares him no more affront,
Late number-les; but eaſie now to count.
Dauid therefore, flying his Princes Furie,
From end to end flies all the land of *Iurie*:
But now to *Nob*; t' *Adullam* then, anon
To Deſart *Zif*, to *Keilah*, *Maon*,
Hauing for roof heau'ns arches ſtarry-ſeeld,
And, for repaſt what wauing woods doe yeeld.

The

The Tyrant (ſo) fruſtrate of his intent,
Wreakes his fell rage vpon the innocent;
If any winke, as willing t'haue not ſeen-him,
Or if (vnweeting what's the oddes betweene-him
And th'angry king) if any haue but hid-him,
He dies for it (if any haue but ſpid him):
Yea the High-Prieſt, that in Gods preſence ſtands,
Eſcapeth not his paricidiall hands,
Nor doth he ſpare in his vnbounded rage
Cattle, nor Curre, nor ſtate, nor ſexe, nor age:
Contrariwiſe, *Dauid* doth good for ill,
He hates the haters of his Soueraigne ſtill.
And though he oft incounter *Saul* leſſe ſtrong
Than his owne ſide, forgetting all his wrong,
He ſhewes him, aye, loyall in deede and word
Vnto his Liege, th'Anointed of the Lord,
Reſpects and honors him, and mindes no more
The Kings vnkindneſſe that had paſt before.
One day as *Saul* (to eaſe him) went aſide
Into a Caue, where *Dauid* wont to hide,
Dauid (vn-ſeen) ſeeing his Foe ſo neer
And all alone, was ſtrooke with ſoudaine feare,
As much amaz'd and muſing there-upon;
When whiſpering thus his Conſorts egge him on:
Who ſought thy life is fall'n into thy lap;
Doo'ſt thou not ſee the Tyrant in thy Trap?
Now therefore pull this Thorne out of thy foote:
Now is the Time if euer thou wilt doo't:
Now by his death eſtabliſh thine eſtate:
Now hugge thy Fortune, yer it be too-late:
For, he (my Lord) that will not, when he may,
Perhaps he ſhall not, when he would (they ſay).
Why tarieſt thou? what dooſt thou trifle thus?
Wilt thou, for *Saul*, betray thy ſelfe and vs?
Wonne with their words, to kill him he reſolues:
But, by the way, thus with himſelfe reuolues,

Hee

Hee is a Tyrant; true: But now, long ſince,
And ſtill, he beares the mark of lawfull Prince:
And th'Euer-King (to whom all Kings doe bow)
On no pretext, did euer yet allow
That any Subiect ſhould his hand diſtain
In ſacred blood of his owne Soueraign.
He hunts mee cauſe-les; true: but yet, Gods word
Bids me defend, but not offend my Lord.
I am anointed King; but (at Gods pleaſure)
Not publikely: therefore I waite thy leaſure.
For, thou (O Lord) regardeſt Thine, and then
Reward'ſt, in fine, Tyrants and wicked men.
Thus hauing ſayd, he ſtalkes with noiſe-les foot
Behind the King, and ſoftly off doth cut
A skirt or lap of his then-vpper clothing;
Then, quick auoides: and, *Saul*, ſuſpecting nothing,
Comes forth anon: and *Dauid* afterward
From a high Rocke (to be the better heard)
Cries to the King (vpon his humble knee)
Come neere (my Liege) come neere, and fear not mee,
Fear not thy ſeruant *Dauid*. Well I knowe,
Thy Flatterers, that miſle-informe thee ſo,
With thouſand ſlanders dayly thee incenſe
Againſt thy Seruants ſpot-les innocence:
Thoſe ſmooth-ſlie Aſpicks, with their poyſonie ſting
Murder mine honour, mee in hatred bring
With thee and with thy Court (againſt all reaſon)
As if Conuicted of the Higheſt-Treaſon:
But, my notorious Loyalty (I hope)
The venom of their viperous tongues ſhall ſtop;
And, with the ſplendor of mine actions bright,
Diſperſe the Miſts of Malice and Deſpight.
Behold, my Lord, (Trueth needeth no excuſe)
What better witneſſe can my ſoule produce
Of faithfull Loue, and Loyall Vaſſalage,
To thee, my Liege, than this moſt certaine gage:

When I cut-off this lappet from thy Coat,
Could I not then as well haue cut thy throat?
But rather (Soueraign) thorow all my veins
Shall burning Gangrens (ſpreading deadly pains)
Benum my hand, then it ſhal lift a ſword
Againſt my Liege, th'anointed of the Lord;
Or violate with any inſolence,
Gods ſacred Image, in my ſoueraign Prince.
And yet (O King) thy wrath purſews mee ſtill,
Like ſilly-Kid I hop from hill to hill,
Like hated Wolues I and my Souldiers ſtarue:
But, iudge thy ſelf, if I thy wrath deſerue.
No (my Sonne *Dauid*) I haue donne thee wrong:
Good God requight thy good: there doth belong
A great Reward vnto ſo gratious deed.
Ah, well I ſee it is aboue decreed
That thou ſhalt ſit vpon my Seat ſupream,
And on thy head ſhalt wear my Diadem:
Then, ô thou ſacred and moſt noble Head,
Remember Mee, and mine (when I am dead)
Bee gratious to my Blood, and raze not fel
My Name and Iſſue out of *Iſrael*.
Thus ſaid the King; and teares out-went his words:
A pale deſpaire his heauy hart ſtill girds:
His feeble ſpirit præſaging his Miſſ-fortune,
Doth euerie-kind of Oracles importune,
Suſpicious, ſeeks how *Clotho's* Clew doth ſwell;
And, caſt of Heau'n, wil needs conſult with Hell.
In *Endor* dwelt a Beldam in thoſe dayes,
Deep-skild in Charms (for, this weak ſex always
Hath in all Times ben taxt for *Magik* Tricks,
As proneſt Agents, for the Prince of *Styx*:
Whether, becauſe their ſoft, moiſt, ſupple braine,
Doth eaſie print of euery ſeale retaine:
Or, whether wanting Force and Fames deſert,
Thoſe Wyzards ween to get it by *Black-Art*.)

This

This *Stygian* scum, the *Furies* furie fell,
This Shop of Poysons, hideous Type of Hell,
This sad *Erinnys*, *Milcom's* Fauourite,
Chamosh his Ioye, and *Belzebubs* delight,
Delights alonely for her exercise
In secret Murders, soudain Tragœdies;
Her drink, the blood of Babes; her dainty Feast
Mens Marrow, Brains, Guts, Livers (late deceast).
At Weddings aye (for Lamps) shee lights debates;
And quiet Loue much more then Death shee hates:
Or if shee reak of Loue, 'tis but to trap
Some seuere *Cato* in incestuous Lap:
Sometimes (they say) shee dims the Heau'nly Lamps,
Shee haunts the Graues, shee talks with Ghosts, she stāps
And Cals-vp Spirits, and with a wink controules
Th'infernal Tyrant, and the tortur'd Soules.
Arts admiration, *Izraels* Ornament,
That (as a Queen) Command'st each Element,
And from the Toomb deceased Trunks canst raise,
(Th'vnfaithfull King thus flatters her with prayse)
On steepest Mountains stop the swiftest Currents,
From driest Rocks draw rapid-rowling Torrents,
And fitly hasten *Amphitrite's* Flood,
Or stay her Eb (as to thy self seems good):
Turne day to night: hold Windes within thy hand,
Make the Sphears moue, and the Sun still to stand:
Enforce the Moone so with thy Charms som-times,
That for a stound in a deep Swown shee seems:
O thou al-knowing Spirit! daign with thy spell
To raise-vp heer renowned *Samuel*,
To satisfie my doubtful soule, in sum,
The issue of my Fortunes yet to-come.
Importun'd twice or thrice, shee, that before
Resembled one of those grim Ghosts (of yore)
Which shee was wont with her vn-holsom breath
To re-bring-back from the black gates of death,

Growes now more gastly, and more Ghost-like grim,
Right like to Satan in his Rage-full Trim.
The place about darker then Night shee darkes,
Shee yelles, shee roares, shee houles, shee brayes, shee barkes,
And, in vn-heard, horrid, Barbarian termes,
Shee mutters strange and execrable Charmes;
Of whose Hell-raking, Nature-shaking Spell,
These odious words could scarce be hearkned well:
Eternall Shades, infernall Deities,
Death, Horrors, Terrors, Silence, Obsequies,
Demons, dispatch: If this dim stinking Taper
Be of mine owne Sons fat, if here, for paper,
I write (detested) on the tender skinnes
Of time-les Infants, and abortiue Twins
(Torne from the wombe) these Figures figure-les:
If this blacke Sprinkle, tuft with Virgins tresse,
Dipt, at your Altar, in my kinsmans bloods
If well I smell of humane flesh, my food:
Haste, haste, you Fiends, you subterranean Powers:
If impiously (as fits these Rites of yours)
I haue invok'd your grizlie Maiesties,
Harken (O Furies) to my Blasphemies,
Regard my Charms and mine inchanting Spell,
Reward my Sins, and send vp *Samuel*
From dismall darkenes of your deepe Abisse,
To answer mee in what my pleasure is:
Dispatch, I say, (black Princes) quick, why when?
Haue I not Art, for one, to send you ten?
When? stubborne Ghost! The Palfraies of the Sun
Doo fear my Spells; and, when I spur, they run:
The Planets bow, the Plants giue eare to mee,
The Forrests stoope, and euen the strongest Tree,
At driery sound of my sad whisperings,
Doth Prophesie, foretelling future things:
Yea (maugre *Ioue*) by mine almightie Charmes,
Through heauen I thunder with imperious Armes:

And

And comst not thou? O, so: I see the Sage,
I see th'ascent of some great man: his age,
His sacred habite, and sweet-graue aspect
Some God-like raies about him round reflect:
Hee's ready now to speak, and plyant too
To cleer thy doubtings, without more adoo.
Saul flat adores, and wickedly-deuout,
The fained-*Prophets* least word leaues not out.
What dost thou *Saul*? ô *Israels* Soueraign,
Witches, of late, feard only thy disdain:
Now th'are thy stay. O wretch doost thou not knowe
One cannot vse th'ayd of the Powers belowe
Without some Pact of Counter-Seruices,
By Prayers, Perfumes, Homage, and Sacrifice?
And that this Art (meer Diabolical)
It hurteth all, but th'Author most of all?
And also, that the impious Atheist,
The Infidel, and damned Exorcist,
Differ not much. Th'one, Godhead quight denies:
Th'other, for God, foul Satan magnifies:
The other, Satan (by Inchantment strange)
Into an Angell of the Light doth change.
When as God would, his voice thou wouldst not hear,
Now hee forbids thee, thou consult'st els-where:
Whom (liuing Prophet) thou neglect'st, abhorrest,
Him (dead) thou seek'st, and his dead Trunk adorest:
And yet, not him, not his; for th'ougly Fiend
Hath no such power vpon a Saint t'extend,
Who fears no force of the blasphemous Charms
Of mumbling Beldams, or Hels damned Arms:
From all the Poysons that those powers contriue;
Charm-charming Faith's a full Preseruatiue.
In Soule and Body both, Hee cannot come;
For, they re-ioyne not till the day of doom:
His Soule alone cannot appeer; for why,
Soules are inuisible to mortall eye:

His Body only, neither can it bee;
For (duſt to duſt) that ſoone corrupts (we ſee).
Beſides all this, if 'twere true *Samuel*,
Should not (alas) thine eye-ſight ſerue as wel
To ſee and knowe him, as this Sorcereſſe,
This hatefull Hag, this old Enchantereſſe,
This Diuel incarnate, whoſe dread Spell commands
The rebell Furie of th' Infernal Bands?
Hath *Lucifer* not Art enough to fain
A Body fitting for his turn and train?
And (as the rigor of long Cold congeals
To harſh hard Wooll the running Water-Rils)
Cannot hee thicken thinneſt parts of Aire,
Commixing Vapours? glew-them? hue them faire?
Euen as the Rain-Bowe, by the Suns reflection
Is painted fair in manifold complexion:
A Body, which wee ſee all-ready formed,
But yet perceaue not how it is performed:
A Body, perfect in apparant ſhowe;
But in effect and ſubſtance nothing ſo:
A Body, hart-les, lung-les, tongue-les too,
Where Satan lurks, not to giue life ther-to,
But to the end that from this Counter-mure,
More couertly he may diſcharge more ſure
A hundred dangerous Engins, which hee darts
Againſt the Bulwarks of the braueſt harts:
That, in the Sugar (euen) of ſacred Writ,
Hee may em-pill vs with ſome Baneful bit:
And, that his counterfait and fained lips,
Laying before vs all our hainous ſlips,
And Gods dread Iudgements and iuſt Indignation,
May vnder-mine our ſureſt Faiths Foundation.
But, let vs hear now what hee ſayth. O *Saul*,
What frantick fury art thou moou'd with-all,
To now re-knit my broken thred of life?
To interrupt my reſt? And 'mid the ſtrife

Of

Of ſtruggling Mortals, in the Worlds affairs
(By power-full Charms) to re-entoile my Cares?
Inquir'ſt thou what's to-come? O wretched Prince!
Too much, too-ſoon (what I fore-told long ſince):
Death's at thy doore: to morrow Thou and Thine
Euen all ſhal fall before the Philiſtine:
And great-good *Dauid* ſhal poſſeſſe thy Throne,
As God hath ſayd, to be gain-ſayd by none.
Th'Author of Lies (againſt his guiſe) tels true:
Not that at-once hee Selfly all fore-knew,
Or had reuolu'd the Leaues of deſtiny
(The Childe alonly of Eternitie):
But rather through his buſie obſeruation
Of circumſtance, and often iteration
Of reading of our Fortunes and our Fals,
In the cloſe Book of clear Coniecturals,
With a far-ſeeing Spirit; hits often right:
Not much vnlike a skilfull *Galenite*,
Who (when the *Criſis* comes) dares euen foretell
Whether the Patient ſhall doo ill or well:
Or, as the Star-wiſe ſometimes calculates
(By an Eclipſe) the death of Potentates;
And (by the ſtern aſpects of greateſt Stars)
Prognoſticates of Famine, Plague, and Wars.
As he foretold (in brief) ſo fell it out:
Braue *Ionathan* and his Two Brethren ſtout
Are ſlain in Fight; and *Saul* himſelf forlorn,
Leſt (Captiue) hee be made the Pagans ſcorn,
Hee kils him-Self; and, of his Fortune froward
To ſeem not conquer'd, ſhewes him Self a Coward.
For, 'tis not Courage (whatſoe'r men ſay)
But Cowardize, to make ones Self away.
Tis euen to turn our back at Fears alarms:
Tis (baſely-faint) to yeeld vp all our Arms.
O extream Rage! O barbarous Cruelty!
All at one Blowe, t'offend Gods Maieſtie,

The State, the Magiſtrate, Thy Self (in fine):
Th'one, in deſtroying the deer work diuine
Of his almighty Hands; the next, in reauing
Thy needfull Seruice, it ſhould be receauing;
The third, in raſh vſurping his Commiſſion:
And laſt, Thy Self, in thine owne Selfs-Perdition,
When (by two Deaths) one voluntary Wound
Doth both thy body and thy ſoule confound.
But *Iſboſheth* (his deer Son) yet retains
His Place a ſpace: and *Dauid* only Raigns
In happy *Iuda*. Yet, yer long (diſcreet)
Hee makes th' whole Kingdoms wracked ribs to meet:
And ſo Hee rules on th' holy Mount (a mirror)
His Peoples Ioy, the Pagans only Terror.
If euer, ſtanding on the ſandy ſhoar,
Y' haue thought to count the rowling waues that roar
Each after other on the *Britiſh* Coaſt,
When *Æolus* ſends forth his Northern Poaſt;
Waue vpon Waue, Surge vpon Surge doth fold,
Sea ſwallowes Sea, ſo thickly-quickly roul'd,
That (number-les) their number ſo doth mount,
That it confounds th' Accompter and th'Accompt:
So *Dauids* Vertues when I think to number,
Their multitude doth all my Wits incumber;
That Ocean ſwallowes mee: and mazed ſo,
In the vaſt Foreſt where his Praiſes growe,
I knowe not what high Fir, Oak, Cheſt-nut-Tree,
(Rather) what Braſil, Cedar, Ebonie,
My *Muſe* may chuſe (*Amphion*-like) to build
With curious touch of Fingers Quauer-skild
(Durſt ſhee preſume to take ſo much vpon-her)
A Temple ſacred vnto *Dauids* honour.
Others ſhal ſing his mindes true Conſtancie,
In oft long exiles try'd ſo thorowly:
His Life compos'd after the life and likenes
Of ſacred Patterns: his milde gracious meeknes

Towards

Towards railing *Shimei*, and the * Churliſh Gull: * *Nabal.*
His louely Eyes and Face ſo bewtifull.
Some other ſhall his Equitie record,
And how the edge of his impartiall ſword
Is euer ready for the Reprobate,
To hew them down; and help the Deſolate:
How Hee, no Law, but Gods dread Law enacts:
How Hee reſpects not perſons, but their Facts:
How braue a Triumph of Selfs-wrath hee ſhowes,
Killing the Killers of his deadly Foes.
Some other ſhall vnto th' Empyrial Pole
The holy feruor of his Zeal extoll:
How for the wandring Ark hee doth prouide
A certaine place for euer to abide:
And how for euer euery his deſigne
Is ordered all by th' Oracle Diuine.
Vpon the wings of mine (els-tasked) Rime,
Through the cleer Welkin of our Weſtern Clime,
I'll only bear his *Muſike* and his *Mars*
(His holy *Songs*, and his triumphant *Wars*):
Lo there the ſacred mark whereat I aim;
And yet this Theam I ſhall but mince and maim,
So many Yarnes I ſtill am fain to ſtrike
Into this Web of mine intended Worke.
The *Twelue* ſtout *Labours* of th' *Amphitryonide*
(Strongeſt of Men) are iuſtly magnifi'd:
Yet, what were They but a rude Maſſacre
Of Birds and Beaſts, and Monſters here and there?
Not Hoaſts of Men and Armies ouerthrow'n;
But idle Conqueſts; Combats One to One:
Where boiſt'rous Limbs, and Sinnews ſtrongly knit,
Did much auaile with little ayde of Wit.
Bears, Lions, Giants, foild in ſingle fight,
Are but th' Eſſayes of our redoubted Knight:
Vnder his Armes ſick *Aram* deadly droops:
Vnto his power the ſtrength of *Edom* ſtoops:

Stout

Stout *Amalek* euen trembles at his name:
Prowd *Ammons* ſkorn hee doth return with ſhame:
Subdueth *Soba*: foyles the *Moabites*
Wholly extirps the down-trod *Iebuſite*:
And (ſtill victorious) euery month almoſt
Combats and Conquers the *Philoſtian* Hoaſt.
So that, *Alcides* maſsie Club ſcarce raught
So many Blowes, as *David* Battails fought.
Th'expert great *Chief, who *Pontus* brauely quaild,
*Pompey. Wun in ſtrange Wars; in ciuill Fights hee faild:
But, *David* thriues in all: and fortunate,
Triumphs no leſſe of *Sauls* inteſtine hate,
Of *Iſboſheth's* and *Abſalons* deſignes,
Then of ſtrong *Aram*, and ſtout *Philiſtines*.
Good-Fortune alwayes blowes not in the Poop
Of valiant *Ceſar*, ſhee defeats his Troop,
Slayes his Lieutenants; and (among his Friends)
Stabb'd full of Wounds, at length his Life ſhe ends:
But *David* alwayes feels Heau'ns gratious hand;
Whether in perſon Hee himſelf command
His royal Hoaſt: or whether (in his ſted)
By valiant *Ioab* his braue Troops be led:
And Happineſſe, cloſing his aged eye,
Euen to his Toomb conſorts him conſtantly.
Fair Victory, with Him (euen from the firſt)
Did pitch her Tent: his Infancie ſhe nurſt
With noble Hopes, his ſtronger years ſhee fed
With ſtately *Trophees*, and his hoarie head
Shee Crowns and Comforts with (her cheerful Balms)
Triumphant *Laurels* and victorious *Palmes*.
The Mountains ſtoop to make Him eaſie way;
And *Euphrates*, before Him, dryes away;
To Him great *Iordan* a ſmall leap doth ſeem;
Without aſſault, ſtrong Cities yeeld to Him:
Th'Engine alone of His far-feard Renown
Beats (Thunder-like) Gates, Bars, & Bulwarks down:

Gads

Gads goodly Vales, in a gore Pond hee drenches;
Philistian Fiers, with their owne Blood hee quenches;
And then, in *Gob* (pursewing still his Foes)
His wrath's iust Tempest on fell Giants throwes.

O strong, great, *worthies* (wil some one-day say,
When your huge Bones they plough-vp in the Clay)
But, stronger, greater, and more WORTHIE Hee,
Whose Heau'n-lent Force and Fortune made you bee
(Maugre your might, your massy Spears and Shields)
The fattning dung-hill of those fruitfull Fields.
His Enimies, scarcely so soon hee threats
As ouerthrowes, and vtterly defeats.
On *Dauids* head, God doth not spin good-hap;
But pours it down abundant in his Lap:
And Hee (good Subiect) with his Kingdom, euer
T'increase th' Immortall Kingdom doth indeuour.
His swelling Standards neuer stir abroad,
Till he haue Cald vpon th' Almightie God:
Hee neuer Conquers but (in heau'nly Songs)
Hee yeelds the Honor where it right belongs:
And euermore th' Eternals sacred Prayse
(With Harp and Voice) to the bright Stars doth raise.

Scarce was hee borne, when in his Cradle prest
The Nightingale to build her tender nest:
The Bee, within his sacred mouth, seeks room
To arch the Chambers of her Hunny-comb:
And th' Heau'nly *Muse*, vnder his roof descending
(As in the Sommer, with a train down-bending,
Wee see some *Meteor*, winged brightly-fair
With twinkling rayes, glide through the crystal Aier,
And soudainly, after long-seeming Flight,
To seem amid the new-shav'n Fields to light)
Him softly in her Iuorie arms shee folds,
His smiling Face shee smylingly beholds,
She kisses him, and with her *Nectar* kisses
Into his Soule shee breathes a Heau'n of Blisses:

Then

Then layes him in her lap, and while shee brings
Her Babe a-sleep, this *Lullabie* shee sings.

Liue, liue (sweet Babe) the Miracle of Mine,
Liue euer Saint, and growe thou all Diuine:
With this Celestial Winde, where-with I fill
Thy blessed Boosom, all the World ful-fill:
May thy sweet Voice, in Peace, resound as far
And speed as faire as thy dread Arm in War:
Bottom nor bank, thy Fames-Sea neuer bound:
With double Laurels be thy Temples Crownd.
See (Heau'n-sprung Spirit) see how th'allured North,
Of thy Childs-Crie (shril-sweetly warbling forth)
Al-ready tastes the learned, daintie pleasures.
See, see (yong Father of all sacred Measures)
See how, to hear thy sweet harmonious sound,
About thy Cradle here are thronging (round)
Woods, but with ears: floods, but their furie stopping:
Tigres, but tame: Mountaines, but alwayes hopping:
See how the Heau'ns, rapt with so sweet a tongue,
To list to thine, leaue their owne Dance and Song.

O Idiot's shame, and Enuie of the Learned!
O Verse right-worthy to bee ay esteemed!
O richest Arras, artificial wrought
With liuelyest Colours of Conceipt-full Thought!
O royal Garden of the rarest Flowers
Sprung from an April of spiritual Showers!
O Miracle! whose star-bright beaming Head
When I behold, euen mine owne Crown I dread.

Neuer els-where did plentious Eloquence,
In euerie part with such magnificence
Set-forth her Beauties, in so sundrie Fashions
Of Robes and Iewels (suting sundrie Passions)
As in thy Songs: Now, like a Queen (for Cost)
In swelling Tissues, rarely-rich imbost
With Pretious Stones: neat, Citty-like, anon,
Fine Cloth, or Silke, or Chamlet puts shee on:

Anon,

Anon, more like some handsome Shepheardesse,
In courser Cloathes shee doth her cleanly dresse:
What e're she wear, Wooll, Silke or Gold, or Gems,
Or Course or Fine; still like her Self she seems;
Faire, Modest, Cheerfull, fitting time and place,
Illustring all euen with a Heau'n-like grace.
Like prowd lowd *Tegris* (euer swiftly roul'd)
Now, through the Plaines thou pow'rst a Flood of gold:
Now, like thy *Iordan*, (or *Meander*-like)
Round-wynding nimbly with a manie-Creek,
Thou runn'st to meet thy Self's pure streams behind thee,
Mazing the Meads where thou dost turn & winde-thee.
Anon, like *Cedron*, through a straighter Quill,
Thou straines out a little Brooke or Rill;
But yet, so sweet, that it shall euer bee
Th'immortal *Nectar* to Posteritie:
So cleer, that *Poësie* (whose pleasure is
To bathe in Seas of Heau'nly Mysteries)
Her chastest feathers in the same shal dip,
And deaw with-all her choicest workmanship:
And so deuout, that with no other Water
Deuoutest Soules shal quench their Thirst heer-after.
Of sacred *Bards* Thou art the double Mount:
Of faith-ful Spirits the Interpreter profound:
Of contrite Harts the cleer Anatomie:
Of euerie Sore the Shop for Remedie:
Zeal's Tinder-box: a Learned Table, giuing
To spiritual eyes, not painted *Christ*, but liuing.
O diuine Volume, *Sion's* cleer deer Voice,
Saints rich Exchecker, ful of comforts choice:
O, sooner shal sad *Boreas* take his wing
At *Nilus* head, and boist'rous *Auster* spring
From th'icie floods of *Iseland*, than thy Fame
Shal be forgot, or Honour fail thy Name.
Thou shalt suruiue through-out all Generations,
And (plyant) learne the Language of all Nations:

Nought

Nought but Thine Aiers through Aire & Seas shal sound,
In high-built Temples shall thy Songs resound,
Thy sacred Verse shall cleer Gods clowdie face,
And, in thy steps the noblest Wits shal trace.
Grose Vulgar, hence; with hands profanely-vile,
So holy things presume not to defile,
Touch not these sacred stops, these siluer strings:
This Kingly Harp is only meet for Kings.
And so behold, towards the farthest North,
Ah see, I see vpon the banks of *FORTH*
(Whose force-full stream runs smoothly serpenting)
A valiant, learned, and religious King,
Whose sacred Art retuneth excellent
This rarely-sweet, celestial Instrument:
And *Dauids* Truchman, rightly doth resound
(At the Worlds end) his eloquence renown'd.
Dombertans Clyde stands still to heare his voice.
Stone-rowling *Tay* seems thereat to reioice:
The trembling *Cyclads*, in great *Loumond*-Lake,
After his sound their lusty gambols shake:
The (Trees-brood) Bar-geese, mid th' *Hebridian* waue,
Vnto his Tune their far-flow'n wings doo waue:
And I my Self with my pyde* *Pleid* a-slope,
With Tune-skild foot after his Harp doo hop.
Thus, full of God, th' Heau'n-*Sirene* (Prophet-wise)
Powres-forth a Torrent of *mel*-Melodies,
In DAVIDS praise. But DAVIDS foule defect
Was yet vn-seen, vn-censur'd, vn-suspect:
Oft in faire Flowers the bane-full Serpent sleepes:
Sometimes (we see) the braueſt Courser trips:
And some-times *Dauid*'s Deaf vnto the Word
Of the Worlds Ruler, th'euerlasting Lord;
His Songs sweet feruor slakes, his Soules pure Fire
Is dampt and dimm'd with smoke of foul desire:
His Harp is layd a-side, he leaues his Layes,
And after his fair Neighbors Wife hee neighs.

* *A kind of light cloak or mantle made of a thin checkered cloth (as it were our mottly) worne by the Hil-men in Scotland.*

Fair

Fair *Berſabé*'s his Flame, euen *Berſabé*,
In whoſe Chaſte boſom (to that very day)
Honor and Loue had happie dwelt together,
In quiet life, without offence of either:
But, her proud Bewty now, and her Eyes force,
Began to draw the Bill of their Diuorce:
Honor giues place to Loue: and by degrees
Fear from her hart, Shame from her Forehead flies.
The Preſence-Chamber, the High ſtreet, the Temple,
Theſe Theaters are not ſufficient ample
To ſhew her Bewties, if but Silke them hide:
Shee muſt haue windowes each-where open wide
About her Garden-Baths, the while therein
She basks and bathes her ſmooth Snow-whiter skin,
And one-while ſet in a black Iet-like Chaire,
Perfumes, and combes, and curles her golden haire;
Another-while vnder the Cryſtall brinks,
Her Alabaſtrine well-ſhap't Limbs ſhe ſhrinks
(Like to a Lilly ſunk into a glaſſe:
Like ſoft looſe *Venus* (as they paint the Laſſe)
Born in the Seas, when with her eyes ſweet-flames,
Tonnies and *Tritons* ſhe at-once inflames:
Or like an Iuory Image of a *Grace*,
Neatly inclos'd in a thin Cryſtal Caſe):
Another-while, vnto the bottom diues,
And wantonly with th'vnder-Fiſhes ſtriues:
For, in the bottom of this liquid Ice,
Made of *Muſaick* worke, with quaint deuice
The cunning workman had contriued trim
Carpes, Pikes, and Dolphins ſeeming euen to ſwim.
Iſhais great ſon, too-idlely, walking hie
Vpon a Tarras, this bright ſtar doth ſpie:
And ſudden dazled with the ſplendor bright,
Fares like a Priſoner, who new brought to light
From a *Cimmerian*, dark, deep dungeon,
Feels his ſight ſmitten with a radiant Sun.

But too-too-ſoone re-cleer'd, he ſees (alas)
Th'admired Tracts of a bewitching Face.
Her ſparkling Eye is like the Morning Starre,
Her lips two ſnips of crimſin Sattin are,
Her Teeth as white as burniſht Siluer ſeeme
(Or *Orient* Pearles, the rareſt in eſteeme):
Her Cheekes and Chin, and all her fleſh like Snowes
Sweete intermixed with Vermillion Roſe,
And all her ſundry Treaſures ſelfly ſwel,
Prowd, ſo to ſee their naked ſelues excel.
What liuing Rance, what rapting Iuorie
Swims in theſe ſtreames? O what new Victory
Triumphs of all my TROPHEIS? O cleer Therms,
If ſo your Waues be cold; what is it warms,
Nay, burns my hart? If hot I (pray) whence comes
This ſhiuering winter that my ſoule benums,
Freezes my Senſes, and diſ-ſelfs me ſo
With drouſie Poppie, not my ſelf to knowe.
O peer-les Bewty, meerly Bewtifull;
(Vnknow'n) to me th'art moſt vn-mercifull:
Alas! I die, I die, (O diſmal lot)
Both for I ſee thee, and I ſee thee not,
But a-far-off, and vnder water too:
O feeble Power, and O (what ſhall I doo?)
Weake Kingly-State! ſith that a ſilly Woman
Stooping my Crown, can my ſoul's Homage ſummon.
But, ô Imperiall power! Imperiall State!
Could (happie) I giue Bewties Check the Mate.
Thus ſpake the King, and like a ſparkle ſmall
That by miſchance doth into powder fall,
Hee's all a-fire, and penſiue, ſtudies nought,
But how t'accompliſh his laſciuious thought:
Which ſoone hee compaſt: ſinks himſelfe therin;
Forgetteth *Dauid*; addeth Sin to Sin:
And luſtfull, playes like a yong luſty Rider
(A wilfull Gallant, not a skilfull guider)

Who

Who, proud of his Horſe pride, ſtill puts him to't;
With wand and ſpur, layes on (with hand and foot)
The too-free Beaſt; which, but too-faſt before
Ran to his Ruine, ſtumbling euermore
At euery ſtone, till at the laſt hee break
Againſt ſom Rock his and his Riders neck.
For, fearing, not Adulteries fact, but fame:
A iealous Husbands Furie for the ſame:
And, leſſening of a Pleaſure ſhar'd to twain:
Hee (treach'rous) makes her valiant Spouſe be ſlain.
The Lord is moou'd: and iuſt, begins to ſtretch
His Wraths keen dart at this diſloyal wretch:
When *Nathan* (then bright Brand of Zeal and Faith)
Comes to the King, and modeſt-boldly ſaith.
Vouchſafe my Liege (that our chiefe Iuſtice art)
To liſt a-while to a moſt hainous part;
Firſt to the fault giue eare, then giue Conſent
To giue the Faultie his due Punithment.
Of late, a Subiect of thine owne, whoſe flocks
Powl'd all Mount *Leban's* pleaſant plentious locks;
And to whoſe Heards could hardly full ſuffice
The flowry Verge that long'ſt all *Iorden* lies;
Making a Feaſt vnto a ſtranger-Gueſt,
None of his own abundant Fatlings dreſt;
But (priuie Thief) from a poore Neighbour by
(His Faithfull Friend) Hee takes feloniously
A goodly Lamb; although hee had no more
But euen that one; whereby hee ſet ſuch ſtore,
That euery day of his owne hand it fed,
And euery night it coucht vpon his Bed,
Supt of his Cup, his pleaſant morſels pickt,
And euen the moiſture from his lips it lickt.
Nay, more, my Lord. No more (replies the King,
Deeply incenſt) Tis more than time this thing
Were ſeen into, and ſo outragious Crimes,
So inſolent, had need bee curbd betimes:

What-euer Wretch hath done this Villanie
Shall Die the Death; and not alonely Die,
But let the horror of so foul a Fact
A more than common punishment exact.

O painted Toomb (then answerd sacred *Nathan*)
That hast God in thy Mouth, in thy Minde Sathan,
Thou blam'st in other thine owne Fault denounç't,
And vn-awares hast gainst thy selfe pronounç't
Sentence of Death. O King, no King (as than)
Of thy desires: Thou art the very man:
Yea, Thou art hee, that with a wanton Theft
Hast iust *Vrias* only Lamb bereft:
And him, ô horror! (Sin with Sin is further'd)
Him with the sword of *Ammon* hast Thou murder'd.
Bright Beauties Eye, like to a glorious Sun,
Hurts the sore eye that looks too-much ther-on:
Thy wanton Eye, gazing vpon that Eye,
Hath giuen an Entrance too-too-foolishly
Vnto that Dwarf, that Diuel (is it not?)
Which, out of Sloath, within vs is begot:
Who entring first but Guest-wise in a room,
Doth shortly Master of the house become:
And makes a Saint (a sweet, myld-minded Man)
That 'gainst his Life's Fo would not lift his hand,
To plot the death of his deer faith-full Friend,
That for his Loue a thousand liues (would) spend.

Ah! shak'st thou not? is not thy Soule in trouble
(O brittle dust, vain shadow, empty bubble!)
At Gods dread wrath, which quick doth calcinize
The marble Mountaines and the Ocean dries?
No, thou shalt know the waight of Gods right hand;
Thou, for example t' other Kings shalt stand.
Death, speedy Death, of that adulterous Fruit,
Which euen al-ready makes his Mother rue't,
Shall vex thy soule, and make thee feel (in deed)
Forbidden Pleasure doth Repentance breed.

Ah shame-les beast! Sith thy brute Lust (forlorn)
Hath not the Wife of thy best Friend forborn,
Thy Sons (dis-natur'd) shall defile thy bed
Incestuously; thy faire Wiues (ravished)
Shall doubtely thy lust-full seed receaue:
Thy Concubines (which thou behinde shalt leaue)
The wanton Rapes of thine owne Race shal be:
It shall befall that in thy Family,
With an vn-kinf-mans kisse (vn-louing Louer),
The Brother shall his Sisters shame discouer:
Thou shalt be both Father and Father-in-law
To thine owne Blood. Thy Children (past all aw
Of God or Man) shall by their insolence
Euen iustifie thy bloody foul offence.
Thou sinn'dst in secret: but *Sol*'s blushing Eye
Shal be eye-witnesse of their villanie:
All *Israel* shall see the same; and then
The Heau'n-sunk Cities in *Asphaltis* Fen,
Out of the sunking Lake their heads shall showe,
Glad, by thy Sons, to be out-sinned so.
Thou, thou (inhumane) didst the Death conspire
Of good *Vriah* (worthy better Hire):
Thou cruel didst it: therefore, Homicide,
Cowardly Treason, curled Paricide,
Vn-kinde Rebellion, euer shall remain
Thy house-hold Guests, thy House with blood to stain.
Thine owne against thine owne shal thrul their darts:
Thy Son from thee shal steal thy peoples harts:
Against thy Self thee shal thy Subiects arm,
And giue thine age many a fierce Alarm:
Till hanged by the haire 'twixt Earth and Skie,
(His Gallow's pride, shame of the Worlds bright Eye)
Thine owne Lieutenant, at a crimsin spout,
His guilty Soule shall with his Lance let-out.
And (if I fail not) O what Tempest fel
Beats on the Head of harm-les *Israel*!

Alas! how many a guilt-les *Abramide*
Dies in Three dayes, through thy too-curious Pride:
In hate of thee, th' Aire (thick and sloathful) breeds
No slowe Disease; both yong and old it speeds;
All are indifferent: For through all the Land
It spreads, almost in turning of a hand:
To the so-sick, hard seem the softest plumes;
Flames from his eyes, from's mouth come Lakes-like fumes:
His head, his neck; his bulk, his legs doth tire;
Outward, all water; inward, all a-fire:
With a deep Cough his spungy Lungs hee wastes,
Black Blood and Choler both at-once he casts:
His voices passage is with Biles be-layd,
His Soul's Interpreter, rough, foul, and flayd:
Thought of the Grief it's rigor oft augments:
'Twixt Hope and Fear it hath no long suspence;
With the Disease Death iointly trauerseth:
Th' Infections stroak is euen the stroak of Death.
Art yeelds to th' anguish, Reason stoops to rage:
Phy sicians skill, himself doth ill engage.
The streets too still; the Town al out of Town:
All Dead, or Fled: vnto the halowed ground
The howling Widow (though shee lou'd him deer)
Yet dares not follow her dead husbands Beer.
Each mourns his Losse, each his own Case complains,
Pel-mel the liuing with the dead remains.

As a good-natur'd and wel-nurtur'd Chyld,
Found in a fault (by's Master sharply myld)
Blushing and bleaking, betwixt shame and fear,
With down-cast eyes laden with manie a tear,
More with sad gesture, than with words, doth craue
An humble Pardon, of his Censor graue:
So *Dauid*, hearing th'holy Prophets Threat,
Hee apprehends Gods Iudgements dreadly-great,
And (thrill'd with fear) flies for his sole defence
To pearly Tears, Mournings and sad Laments:

Off

Off-goes his Gold; his Glory treads hee down,
His Sword, his Scepter, and his pretious Crown:
Hee fasts, hee prayes, hee weeps, he grieues, hee grones,
His hainous Sins hee bitterly be-mones:
And, in a Caue hard-by, hee roareth out
A sigh-full Song, so dole-fully deuout,
That euen the Stone doth groan, and pear'st withall,
Lets it's salt tears with his sad tears to fall.
Ay-gratious Lord (thus Sings hee night and day)
Wash, wash, my Soule in thy deep Mercies sea:
O Mercie, Mercie Lord, alowd hee Cries;
(And Mercie, Mercie, still the Rock replyes).
O God, my God, sith for our grieuous Sin,
(Which will-full wee so long haue weltred in)
Thou powr'st the Torrents of thy Vengeance down
On th' *azure* Field with *Golden Lillies* sow'n:
Sith euery moment thy iust Anger dread
Roars, thunders, lightens on our guiltie head:
Sith Famine, Plague, and War *(with bloody hand)*
Doo all at once make hauock of this Land:
Make vs make vse of all these Rods aright;
That wee may quench with our Tears water quight
Thine Ire-full Fier: our former Vices spurn:
And, true-reform'd, Iustice to Mercy turn.
And so, O Father, *(fountain of all* Good,
Ocean of Iustice, Mercie *bound-les* Flood)
Since, for Our Sins, *exceeding all the rest*,
As most ingrate-ful though most rarely blest
(After so long Long-Sufferance *of* Thine:
So-many Warnings *of thy* Word *diuine:*
So-many Threatnings *of thy dread-full* Hand:
So-many Dangers *scap't by* Sea *and* Land:
So-many Blessings *in so good a* King:
So-many Blossoms *of that frust-full* Spring:
So-many Foes *abroad, and* False *at home:*
So-many Reskues *from the rage of* Rome:

So-many Shields *against ſo many Shot:*
So-many Mercies *in that* Powder-Plot
(So light regarded and ſo ſoon forgot).

Since, for Our Sins, *ſo many and ſo great,*
So little mou'd with Promiſe *or with* Threat,
Thou, now at laſt (as iuſt iealouſe God*)*
Strik'ſt vs thy Self with thine immediate Rod,
Thy Rod *of* Pestilence: *whoſe rage-ful ſmart,*
With deadly pangs pearcing the ſtrongeſt hart,
Tokens *of* Terror *leaues vs where it lights:*
And ſo infects (or ſo at leaſt affrights)
That Neighbour Neighbour, Brother Brother *ſhuns;*
The tendreſt Mother *dares not ſee her* Sons;
The neereſt Friend *his deereſt* Friend *doth flye;*
Yea, ſcarce the Wife *dares cloſe her* Huſbands *eye.*
For, through th' Example *of our* Vicious *life,*
As Sin *breeds* Sin; *and* Huſband *marr's the* Wife,
Siſter *prouokes* Siſter, Brother *hardens* Brother,
And one Companion *doth corrupt another:*
So, through Contagion *of this dire* Diſeaſe,
It (iuſtly) doth thy heau'nly Iuſtice *pleaſe,*
To cauſe vs thus each other to infect:
Though This wee flye, and That too-nigh affect.

Since, for our Sins, *which hang ſo faſt vpon-vs,*
So dreadfully thy Furie *frowneth on-vs;*
Sith ſtill thou Striketſt, *and ſtill Threat'neſt more*
More grieuous Wounds then wee haue felt before:
O gratious Father, giue vs grace (in fine)
To make our Profit *of theſe* Rods *of thine:*
*That, true-*Conuerted *by thy milde* Correction,
Wee may abandon euerie foule Affection:
That Humblenes *may flaring* Pride *diſ-plume:*
That Temperance *may* Surfaiting *conſume:*
That Chaſtitie *may chaſe our wanton* Luſt:
That Diligence *may wear-off* Slothfull *ruſt:*
That Loue *may liue, in* Wrath *and* Enuies *place:*
That Bounties *hand may* Auarice *deface:*

That

That Truth *may put* Lying *and* Fraud *to flight:*
That Faith *and* Zeal *may keep thy* Sabaoths *right:*
That Reuerence *of thy dread* Name *may baniſh*
Blaſphemous Oaths: *and all* Profaneſſe *vaniſh.*
Since, for our Sins (aſwell in Court as Cottage)
Of all Degrees, all Sexes, Youth and Dotage,
Of Clarks and Clownes; Rich, Poore; and Great and Smal,
Thy fear-ful Vengeance, *hangeth ouer all;*
O Touch vs all with Horror of our Crimes:
O Teach vs all to turn to thee be-times:
O Turn vs (Lord) and wee ſhall turned bee:
Giue what thou bidſt, and bid what pleaſeth thee:
Giue vs REPENTANCE; *that thou mayſt* repent
Our preſent PLAGVE, *and future* Puniſhment.

FINIS.

THE MAGNIFICENCE.

THE MAGNIFI-CENCE.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE FOVRTH DAY OF THE SECOND WEEK of BARTAS.

Translated,

&

Dedicated

To Prince HENRY's Highnes:

By

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

AT LONDON

Imprinted by Humfrey Lownes.

1607.

THE
MAGNIFICENCE
OF
QUEEN
ELIZABETH.
AN HISTORICAL
PLAY.

As it was Presented before her Majesty, by certain Gentlemen, her Servants, at Elvetham in Hampshire.

Written by
THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON
Printed by Humfrey Lownes.
1609.

To the right Excellent and moſt Hopefull yong Prince, HENRY.

A Sonnet.

THe gracious Welcome You vouchſaf't yer-while
To my graue PIBRAC *(though but meanly clad)*
Makes BARTAS *(now, no Stranger in this* Iſle*)*
More bold to come (though ſuted euen as bad)
To kiſſe Your HIGHNES *Hand; and, with Your Smile,*
To crown his Haps, and our faint Hopes to glad
(Whoſe weary longings languiſh in our Stile:
For, in our Wants, *our very* Songs *bee ſad).*
Hee brings, for Preſent *to ſo great a* PRINCE,
A Princely GLASSE, *made firſt for* SALOMON:
The fitter therefore for your EXCELLENCE.
As oft to look-in, as You look vpon.
Some Glaſſes flatter: other-ſome de-forme:
This, ay, preſents You a true PRINCE's Forme.

J. S.

To the right Excel

lent and most Hopefull yong Prince, HENRY.

A Sonnet.

The gracious Welcome You vouchsaf't yer-while
To my grans PIERAC (though but meanly clad)
Makes BARTAS (now, no Stranger in this Ile)
More beld to come (though suted enen as bad)
To kisse Your HIGHNES Hand, and, with Your Smile,
To crown his Haps, and our faint Hopes to glad
(Whose weary longings languish in our Stile:
For, in our Wams, our very Songs bee sad).
Bee brings, for Pieces to so great a PRINCE,
A Princely GLASSE, made first for SALOMON:
The fitter therefore for Your EXCELLENCE
As oft to look in, as You look upon.
Some Glasses flatter: other-some de-forme:
This, ay, presents You a true PRINCE's Forme.

J. S.

THE MAGNIFICENCE.

The second Book of the fourth *Day of the second Week*, *of* BARTAS.

THE ARGVMENT.

Death-summon'd DAVID, *in his sacred Throne*
Instals (instructs) his yong Son SALOMON:
His (pleas-God) Choice of WISEDOM *wins him* Honor
And Health *and* Wealth *(at-once) to wait vpon her:*
His wondrous Doom, *quick* Babe's *Claim to decide:*
Mis-Matches *taxt, in His with* PHARAONIDE:
Their pompous Nuptials: *Seau'n Heau'n*-Masquers
The glorious TEMPLE, Builded *richly-rare.* [*there.*
Salem's *Renown draws* Saba *to his Court:*
King IAMES, *to His, brings* BARTAS, *in like sort.*

HAppy are You (ô You delicious Wits)
That stint your Studies, as your furie fits:
That, in long Labours (full of pleasing pain)
Exhaust not wholly all your learned brain:
That, changing Note, now light, and graue anon,
Handle the Theam that first you light vpon:
That, here in *Sonnets*, there in *Epigrams*,
Euaporate your sweet Soule-boysling Flames.

But,

But, my deer honor, and my ſacred Vows,
And Heau'ns decree (made in that Higher-Houſe)
Hold mee faſt-fetter'd (like a Gallie-ſlaue)
To this hard Taſk. No other Care I haue,
Nought elſe I dream of; neither (night nor day)
Aim at ought elſe, or look I other-way:
But (alwaies buſie) like a Mil-ſtone ſeem
Still turned round with the ſame rapid ſtream.
Thence is't that oft (maugre *Apollos* grace)
I humme ſo harſh: and in my Works inchaſe
Lame, crawling Lines, according to the Fire,
Which (more or leſſe) the whirling *Poles* inſpire:
And alſo mingle (Linſie-woolſie-wiſe)
This gold-ground Tiſſue with too-mean ſupplies.
You, all the year long, doo not ſpend your wing;
But, during only your delightful Spring,
(Like Nightingales) from buſh to buſh you play,
From Tune to Tune, from Mirtle ſpray to ſpray:
But I, too-bold, and like the Swallow right,
Not finding where to reſt me, at one flight
A bound-les ground-les Sea of Times I paſſe,
With *Auſter* now, anon with *Boreas*.
Your quick Career is pleaſant, ſhort, and eath;
At each Lands-end you ſit you down and breathe
On ſome green bank; or, to refreſh you, finde
Some Roſie-arbour, from the Sun and winde:
But, end-les is my Courſe: for, now I glyde
On Ice; then (dazled) head-long down I ſlyde:
Now vp I climbe; then through the Woods I craul,
I ſtray, I ſtumble, ſomtimes down I fall,
And, as baſe Morter ſerueth to vnite
Red, white, gray Marble, Iaſper, Galactite:
So, to con-nex my queint Diſcourſe, ſometimes
I mix looſe, limping, and ill-poliſht Rimes.
Yet wil I not this Work of mine giue o're
The Labour's great; my Courage yet is more;

My

My hart's not yet all void of sacred heat:
Ther's nothing Glorious but is hard to get.
Hils were not seen but for the Vales betwixt:
The deep indentings artificial mixt
Amid *Musaiks* (for more ornament)
Haue prizes, sizes, and dyes different.
And ô, God grant, the greatest spot you spie
In all my Frame, may bee but as the Fly,
Which on her Ruff (whiter than whitest snowes)
To whiten white, the faireſt Virgin sowes:
(*Or, as the Velvet on her brow: or, like*
The dunker Mole on Venus *dainty Cheek:*)
And, that a few faults may but lustre bring
To my high furies where I sweetest sing.
DAVID waxt old and cold, and's vitall Lamp,
Lacking it's oyl of Natiue moist, grew damp
(But by degrees); when with a dying voice
(But liuely vigor of Discretion choice)
Hee thus instructs his yong Son SALOMON,
And (as Heau'n cals) instals him in his Throne.
Whom, with-out Force, Vproar, or Ryualing,
Nature, and Law, and Fortune make a King;
Euen Hee (my Son) must be both *Iust* and *Wise*,
If long Hee look to *Rule* and *Royalize:*
But he, whom onely Fortunes Fauour rears
Vnto a Kingdom, by some new-found stairs;
Hee must appear more than a man; and cast
By rarest Worth to make his Crown sit fast.
My SALOMON, thou know'st thou art my Yongest:
Thou know'st, besides, out of what Bed thou sprungest:
Thou seest what loue all *Israel* bears thy Brother:
To honour Thee, what wrong I doo to other;
Yea euen to Nature and our Natiue Law:
Tis thy part therefore, in all points to draw
To full Perfection; and with rare effect
Of Noblest Vertues hide thy Births defect.

Thou

Thou, *Izraels* King, ſerue the great King of All,
And only on his Conducts pedeſtall
Found thine Affaires: vpon his *Sacred Lore*
Thine eyes and minde be fixed euermore:
The barking rage of bold Blaſphemers hate:
Thy Soueraign's Manners (Vice-Roy) imitate.
Nor think, the thicknes of thy Palace Wals,
Thine iron Gates, and high gold-ſeeled Halls,
Can let his Eye to ſpie (in euery part)
The darkeſt Cloſets of thy Mazie Hart.
If birth or Fate (my Son) had made thee Prince
Of *Idumeans* or of *Philiſtins*,
If *Pharaohs* Title had be-fall'n to thee,
If the *Medes* Myter bowed at thy knee,
Wert thou a *Sophy*; yet with Vertues luſtre
Thou oughtſt (at leaſt) thy Greatnes to illuſtre:
But, to Command the Seed of *Abraham*,
The *Holy Nation* to Controul and tame,
To bear a *Ioſuahs* or a *Samſons* load,
To be Gods Vice-Roy, needs a *Dems-God*.
Before old Seruants giue not new the ſtart
(Kings-Art conſiſts in Action more then Art.)
Old Wine excelleth new: Nor (giddily)
Will a good Husband grub a goodly Tree
In his faire Orchards midſt, whoſe fruitfull ſtore
Hath graç't his Table twentie years and more;
To plant a Graft, yer e'r hee taſte the ſame,
Saue with the teeth of a (perhaps) falſe Fame.
Theſe Paraſites are euen the Pearls and Rings
(Pearls, ſaid I? Perils) in the eares of Kings:
For ô, what Miſchief but their Wiles can work?
Sith euen within vs (to their aid) doth lurk
A ſmoother Soother, euen our owne *Selfe-loue*
(A malady that nothing can remoue)
Which, with theſe ſtrangers, ſecretly Combin'd,
In League offenſiue (to the firmeſt Minde)

Perſwades

Perſwades the Coward, he is *Wiſely*-meek:
The drunkard, *Stout*: the Periure, *Politick*;
The cruel Tyrant, a *iuſt* Prince they call;
Sober, the Sot; the Lauiſh, *Liberal*:
And, quick-noſ'd Beagles, ſenting right his lore
(Tranſ-form'd into him) euen his Faults adore.
Fly then thoſe Monſters: and giue no acceſſe
To men infamous for their wickedneſſe:
Endure no Atheiſt, brook no Sorcerer
Within thy Court, nor Thief, nor Murderer:
Leaſt the contagion of their banefull breath,
Poyſon the publike fountain, and to death
Infect thy manners (more of force then Law)
The ſpring, whence Subiects good or bad will draw.
Rule thine Affects, thy fury, and thy fear:
Hee's no true King, who no ſelf's-ſway doth bear:
Not what thou could'ſt, but what thou ſhould'ſt, effect:
And to thy Lawes, firſt thine owne-ſelf ſubiect:
For ay the Subiect will (fear ſet a-ſide)
Through thick and thin, having his King for guide.
Shew thy ſelf gracious, affable and meek;
And be not (proud) to thoſe gay godlings like,
But once a year from their gilt Boxes tane,
To impetrate the Heauens long wiſht-for raine.
To fail his Word, a King doth ill beſeem:
Who breaks his faith, no faith is held with him,
Deceipt's deceau'd: Iniuſtice meets vniuſt:
Diſloyall Prince armes ſubiects with diſtruſt;
And neighbour States will in their Leagues commend
A Lion, rather then a Foxe, for Friend.
Be prodigall of Vertues iuſt reward:
Of puniſhments be ſparing (with reguard).
Arm thou thy breſt with rareſt Fortitude;
Things Eminent are euer moſt purſu'd:
On higheſt Places, moſt diſgraces threat:
The roughest windes on wideſt gates doe beat.

Toil

Toil not the World with Wars ambitious spite:
But, if thine Honour must maintain thy Right,
Then shew thee DAVID'S Son; and wisely-bold
Follow't as hot, as thou beginst it cold:
Watch, Work, Deuise, and with vn-wearie limb,
Wade thorough Foords, and ouer Chanels swim.
Let tufted Planes for pleasant shades suffice,
In heat; in Cold; thy Fier bee Excercise:
A Targe thy Table, and a Turf thy Bed:
Let not thy Mouth bee ouer-dainty fed;
Let Labour be thy sauce, thy Cask thy Cup;
Whence, for thy *Nectar* some ditch water sup:
Let Drums, and Trumpets, and shril Fifes and Flutes
Serue thee for Citterns, Virginals and Lutes:
Trot vp a Hill; Run a whole Feeld for Race;
Leap a large Dike; Tosse a long Pike, a space:
Perfume thy head with dust and sweat; appeer
Captain and Soldier. Soldiers are on fire,
Hauing their King (before them Marching forth)
Fellow in Fortune, Witnes of their Worth.

I should inflame thy hart with Learnings loue;
Saue that, I know what diuine habits moue
Thy profound Spirit: only, let th' ornament
Of Letters wayt on th' Art of *Regiment*:
And take good heed, least as excesse of humor
In Plants, becomes their Flowring Lifes consumer;
So too-much Study, and delight in Arts,
Quench the quick vigour of thy Spiritual parts,
Make thee too-pensiue, ouer-dull thy Senses;
And draw thy Minde from Publike cares of Princes.
With a swift-winged foule, the Course surueay
Of Nights dim Taper and the Torch of day:
Sound round the Cels of th' Ocean dreadly-deep:
Measure the Mountains snowie tops and steep:
Ferret all Corners of this neather Ball;
But, to admire the Makers Art in all,

His

His Power and Prudence: and, resemble not
Some simple Courtier, or the silly Sot
That in the base-Court all his time hath spent,
In gazing on the goodly Battlement,
The chamfred Pillers, Plinths, and antique Bosses,
Medals, Ascents, Statues and strange Colosses;
Amaz'd and musing vpon euery piece
Of th' vni-forme, fair, stately Frontispice;
Too-too-self-rapt (through too-self-humoring)
Loosing him-self, while others finde the King.
Hold-euen the Balance, with clean hands, clos'd eyes;
Reuenge seuerely Publike Iniuries;
Forget thine Owne. Heare the Cries, see the Tears
Of all distressed poor Petitioners.
Sit (oft) thy Self in Open Audience:
Who would not be a Iudge, should be no Prince.
For, *Iustice* Scepter and the Martiall Sword
Ought neuer seuer, by the Sacred Word.
Spare not the Great; neither despise the Small:
Let not thy Lawes be like the Spiders Caul,
Where little Flyes are caught and kild; but great
Passe at their pleasure, and pull-down the Net.
Away with Shepheards that their Flocks deface:
Chuse Magistrates that may adorn their Place,
Such as fear God, such as will iudge vprightly:
Men by the seruants iudge the Master, lightly.
Giue to the Vertuous; but thy Crown-Demain
Diminish not: giue still, to giue again:
For, there too-deep to dip, is Prodigalitie;
And to dry-vp the Springs of Liberalitie.
But aboue all (for Gods sake) Son, beware,
Be not intrapt in Womens wylie snare.
I fear, alas (good Lord, supreamly sage,
Auert from Mine th' effect of this Præsage)
Alas! I fear that this sweet Poyson wil
My House here-after with all Idols fil.

But

But, if that neither Vertu's sacred loue,
Nor Feare of Shame thy wanton Minde can moue
To watch in Arms against the Charms of Those;
At least, bee warned by thy Fathers Woes.
Fare-wel my Son: th'Almightie cals mee hence,
I passe, by Death, to Lifes most excellence:
And, to go Raign in Heau'n (from World-cares free)
The Crown of *Israel* I resigne to thee.
O thou, that often (for a Princes Sin)
Transport'st the Scepter, euen from Kin to Kin,
From Land to Land; Let it remaine with Mine:
And, of my Sons Sons (in succeſſiue Ligne)
Let that Al-Power ful deer-drad Prince descend,
Whose glorious Kingdom neuer shal haue end;
Whose iron Rod shal Satans Rule vn-doo:
Whom *Iacob* trusts in; Whom I thirst for too.
DAVID deceast: His Son (him tracking right)
With hart and voice worships the God of Might;
Enters his Kingdom by the Gate of Pietie;
Makes Hymns and Psalms in Laud of the true Deities;
Offers in *Gabaon*; where, in Spirit hee sees
(While his Sense sleepes) the God of Maiesties,
The Lord of Hoasts; who, Crownd with radiant flames,
Offers him choice of these foure louely Dames.
First, *Glory*, shaking in her hand a Pike
(Not Maid-like Marching, but braue Souldier-like)
Among the Stars her stately head shee beats,
A siluer Trumpet shrila-slope shee wears,
Whose Winde is Prayse, and whose *Stentorian* sound
Doth far and wide o'rall the world redound.
Her wide-side Robes of Tissue passing price,
All Story-wrought with bloody Victories,
Tryumphs and Tropheis, Arches, Crowns and Rings;
And, at her feet, there sigh a thousand Kings.
Not far from her, coms *Wealth*, all rich-bedight
In *Rhéa's*, *Thetis*, *Pluto's* Treasures bright:

The

The glittering ſtuff which doth about her fold
Is rough with Rubies, ſtiff with beaten Gold.
With either hand from hollow ſteans ſhe powrs
Pactolian ſurges and *Argolian* ſhowrs.
Fortune, and Thrift, and Wakefulnes and Care,
And Diligence, her dayly Seruants are.
Then cheerfull *Health*: whoſe brow no wrinkle bears,
Whoſe cheek no paleneſſe, in whoſe eye no tears;
But like a Childe ſhee's pleaſant, quick, and plump,
Shee ſeems to flie, to skip, to dance, and iump:
And Life's bright Brand in her white hand doth ſhine:
Th' *Arabian* Birds rare plumage (platted fine)
Serues her for Sur-coat: and her ſeemly train,
Mirth, Exerciſe and Temperance ſuſtain.
Laſt, *Wiſdom* comes, with ſober countenance:
To th' euer-Bowrs her oft a-loft t'aduance,
The light Mamuques wing-les wings ſhe has:
Her geſture cool, as comly-graue her paſe:
Where e'r ſhee go, ſhee neuer goes with-out
Compaſſe and Rule, Meaſure and Waights about:
And by her ſide (at a rich Belt of hers)
The Glaſſe of Nature and her-Self ſhee wears.
Hauing beheld their Bewties bright, the Prince
Seems rapt all-ready euen to Heauen from hence;
Sees a whole *Eden* round about him ſhine:
And, 'mid ſo many Benefits Diuine,
Doubts which to chuſe. At length he thus begun:
O Lord (ſayth hee) what hath thy Seruant don,
That ſo great Bleſſings I ſhould take or touch,
Or thou ſhouldſt daign to honour me ſo much?
Thou dooſt preuent my Merit: or (deer Father)
Delight'ſt to Conquer euen my Malice rather.
Fair *Victorie*'s a noble Gift: and nought
Is more deſired, or is ſweeter thought,
Then euen to quench our Furie's thirſt with blood,
In iuſt Reuenge on thoſe that wrong our Good.

But oft (alas) foul *Insolence* comes after;
And, the long Custome of inhumane Slaughter,
Transformes in time the myldest Conquerors
To Tigers, Panthers, Lions, Bears and Boars.
Happy seems Hee, whose count-les Herds for Pasture
Dis-robe (alone) Mount *Carmels* moatly Vesture:
For whom alone a whole rich Countrey, torn
With timely Tools, brings forth both Wine and Corn:
That hath soft *Sereans* yellow Spoils, the Gems
And precious stones of the *Arabian* streams,
The Mines of *Ophir*, th' *Entidorian* Fruits,
The *Saban* Odours, and the *Tyrian* Sutes.
* Plentie But yet wee see, where Bewty chiefly sways,
There Pride increases, Industry decays:
Rich-men adore their Gold: whoso aspires
To lift to Heau'n his sight and Soules Desires,
Hee must be Poor (at least-wise like the Poor).
Riches and Fear are fellows euer-more.
I would liue long, and I would gladly see
My Nephews Nephews, and their Progeny:
But the long Cares I fear, and Cumbers rife,
Which commonly accompany Long-Life.
Who well liues, long liues: for, this age of ours
Should not be numbred by yeers, dayes, and howrs:
But, by our braue Exploits: and, this Mortality
Is not a moment, to that Immortality.
But, in respect of Lady *Wisedomes* grace,
(Euen at their best) the rest are all but base.
Honour is but a puffe; Life but a vapour;
Wealth but a wish; *Health* but a sconce of paper:
A glistering *Scepter* but a Maple twig;
Gold, Drosse; *Pearls*, Dust, howeuer bright and big.
Shee 's Gods owne Mirror, shee 's a Light, whose glance
Springs from the Lightning of his Countenance:
Shee 's mildest Heau'ns most sacred influence:
Neuer decays her Bewties excellence;

Aye

Aye like her Self: and ſhee doth alwayes trace
Not only the ſame path, but the ſame paſe.
Without her, *Honor*, *Health*, and *Wealth* would proue
Three Poiſons to me. *Wiſedom* (from aboue)
Is th' only *Moderatrix*, ſpring, and guide,
Organ and honour of all Gifts beſide.
Her, her I like, her only (Lord) I craue,
Her Company for-euer let me haue:
Let mee for-euer from her ſacred lip,
Th' *Ambroſial* Nard, and roſial *Nectar* ſip:
In euery Cauſe, let mee conſult with her:
And, when I Iudge, be Shee my Counſailer.
Let, with her Staffe, my yet-Youth gouern wel
In Paſtures fair the Flock of *Izrael*,
A compt-les Flock, a Flock ſo great (indeed)
As of a Shepherd ſent from Heau'n had need.
Lord, giue her me: alas! I pine, I die;
Or if I liue, I liue her * *Flame-brèd-Flie*: * *Pyrauſta.*
And (new *Farfalla*) in her radiant ſhine,
Too-bold, I burne theſe tender wings of mine.
Hold, take her to thee (ſayd the Lord) and ſith
No Bewty elſe thy ſoule enamoreth;
For ready hand-maids to attend vpon-her;
I 'll giue thee alſo *Health*, and *Wealth*, and *Honor*;
(For 'tis not meet, ſo High-deſcended Queen,
So great a Lady, ſhould alone be ſeen)
The rather, that my Bounty may inuite
Thee, ſeruing Her, to ſerue Mee day and night.
King SALOMON, awaked, plainly knew
That this Diuine ſtrange *Viſion* neuer grew
From the ſweet Temper of his ſound Complexion;
But that it was ſome Peece of more perfection,
Some ſacred Picture admirably draw'n
With Heauenly pencil, by an Angels hand.
For (happy) Hee had (without Art) the Arts,
And learning (without learning) in all parts:

A more than humane Knowledge bewtifies
His princely actions: vp to Heau'n he flies,
Hee dyues to Hell, he ſounds the Deeps, hee enters
To th'inmoſt Cels of the Worlds loweſt Centers.
The ſecret Riddles of the ſacred Writ
Are plain to him, and his deep-pearcing Wit,
Vpon few Words of the Heau'n-prompted ſtile,
In a few Dayes, large Volumes can compile.
Hee (learned) ſees the Sun's Eclipſe, ſans terror:
He knowes the Planets neuer erring Error;
And, whether Nature, or ſome Angel moue
Their Sphears, at once with triple Dance aboue:
Whether, the Sun ſelf-ſhine; his Siſter, not:
Whether, Spring, Winter, Autumn, Summer hot,
Be the Suns Sons: what kinde of mounting Vapor
Kindles the Comet and the long-taild Taper:
What boyſtrous Lungs the roaring Whirlers blow'n:
What burning Wings the Lightning rides vpon:
What Curb the Ocean in his bounds doth keep:
What power Night's-Princeſſe powrs vpon the Deep.
Whether the Heau'ns ſweet-ſweating Kiſſe appear
To bee Pearls parent, and the Oyſter's pheer;
And whether, dusk, it makes them dim withall;
Cleer, breeds the cleer; and ſtormy brings the pale.
Whether, from Sea the Amber-greece be ſent;
Or be ſome Fiſhes pleaſant excrement.
Hee knowes, why th' Earth 's immoueable and round,
The lees of Nature, Center of the Mound:
Hee knowes her meaſure. And hee knowes beſide,
How *Coloquintida* (duely apply'd)
With-in the darknes of the Conduit-Pipes,
Amid the windings of our in-ward Tripes,
Can ſo diſcreetly the *White humor* take;
Rheubarb the *Yellow*; *Hellebore* the black:
And, whether That in our weak Bulks be wrought,
By drawing 't to them; or by driuing 't out.

In

In brief, from th'Hyſop to the Cedar-Tree,
Hee knowes the Vertues of all Plants that bee.
Hee knowes the Reaſon why the Woolfs fell tooth
Giues a Horſe ſwiftnes; and his footing, ſloath:
Why the Sex-changing, fierce *Hyæna's* eye
Puts curſteſt Curres to ſilence ſuddenly:
Why th'irefull Elephant becommeth tame
At the approaching of the fleecie Lamb:
Why th'eye-bold Eagle neuer fears the flaſh
Or force of Lightning, nor the Thunder-claſh:
Why the wilde Fen-Gooſe (which keeps warm her egs
With her broad feet vnder her heat-full legs,
And, tongue-les, cries) as wing-lym'd, cannot flie,
Except ſhe (glad) Seas brynie glaſſe deſcrie.
Hee knoweth alſo, whether that our Stone
Be baked Earth, or Exhalation:
Whether the Metals (that we dayly ſee)
Be made of Sulphur and of Mercurie;
Or, of ſome Liquor by long Cold condens't,
And by the Heat well purified and cleans'd;
Or, of a certain ſharp and cinderous humor:
Or, whether Hee that made the Wauing Tumor,
The moatly Earth; and th'Heau'nly Sphears refin'd,
All-mighty, made them ſuch as now we finde.
Hee comprehends from whence it is proceeding,
That ſpotted *Iaſper*-ſtones can ſtaunch our bleeding:
Saphires, cure eyes: the *Topaz* to reſiſt
The rage of Luſt; of drink the *Amethiſt*:
And alſo, why the cleareſt *Diamant*
(*Ielous*) impugns the thefts of th' *Adamant*.
Tunes, Meaſures, Numbers, and Proportions
Of Bodies with their Shadowes, als' hee kons;
And (fild with *Nectar*-Deaws, which Heauen drips)
The Bees haue made Hunnie within his lips.
But he imbraceth much more earneſtly
The gain-full Practice, than cold Theorie:

Nor reaks hee so of a Sophistick pride
Of prattling Knowledge (too-self-magnifi'd)
As of that goodly Art to gouern well
The sacred Helms of *Church* and *Common-weal*,
And happily to entertain in either,
A harmony of Great and Small together.
Especially Hee's a good *Iusticer*,
And to the Lawes dooth Life and strength confer.
And, as the highest of *Bigaurian* Hils
Ay bears his head vp-right, and neuer yeelds
To either side, scorns Winde and Rain and Snowe,
Abides all weathers, with a cheerfull brow;
Laughs at a Storme, and brauely tramples vnder
His steddy Knees, the prowd, lowd, rowling Thunder:
So, Hee 's a Iudge inflexibly-vpright,
No Loue, nor Hatred, of the Guilty wight
(What e'r hee wear for Calling, small or great)
His Venging blade can either blunt or whet;
Hee spurneth Fauors, and hee scorneth Fears,
And vnder foot hee treadeth priuate Tears:
Gold 's radiant Lustre neuer blears his Eye:
Nor is hee led through Ignorance a-wry.
His Voice is held an Oracle of all:
The soule of Lawes hee wisely can exhale:
In doubtfull Cases hee can subtilize,
And wyliest pleaders harts anatomize.
Scarce fifteen times had *Ceres* (since his Birth)
With her guilt Tresses glorifi'd the Earth;
When he decides by happy Wisedoms means,
The famous Quarrel of Two crafty Queans.
Is 't possible, O Earth, (thus cries the first)
But that (alas) thou should'st for anger burst,
And swallow quick this execrable Quean!
Is 't possible (O gracious Soueraign)
That comming new from dooing such a deed
So horrible, shee shame-les dares proceed

T'ap-

T'approach thy ſight, thy ſacred Throne t'abuſe,
Not begging Pardon, but euen bent t'accuſe.
Laſt night, with ſurfet and with ſleep ſur-cloyd,
This care-les ſtep-dam her own Childe o'r-layd:
And ſoftly then (finding it cold and dead)
Layes it by mee, and takes mine in the ſtead.
Here, old, bold ſtrumpet, take thy Baſtard brat,
Hence with thy Carion, and reſtore me that,
Reſtore mee mine, my louely liuing Boy,
My hope, my hap, my Loue, my life, my Ioy.
O cruell Chance! O ſacrilegious!
Shall thy foul lips my little Angel buſſe?
At thy fond prattling, ſhall he pret'ly ſmile?
And tug, and touze thy greaſie locks the-while?
And all his Child-hood fill thy ſoule with glee?
And, grow'n a man, ſuſtaine thine age and thee?
While wretched I, haue only for my ſhare,
His Births hard Trauail, and my burthen's Care,
His reſt-les rocking, wyping, waſhing, wringing;
And to appeaſe his wayward Cries with ſinging.
O moſt vnhappy of all Woman-kinde!
O Childe-les mother! O, why is my Minde
More paſſion-ſtirred, than my hand is ſtrong?
But, rather, than I'll pocket vp this wrong,
To be reueng'd, I'll venture two for one,
I'll haue thy life, although it coſt mine owne.
O filthy Bitch! Vile Witch (ſayes th'other tho)
O who would think, that Wine could mad one ſo?
O impudent! though God thou fear'ſt not, fear
The Kings cleer iudgement, who Gods place doth bear.
Art not content t'haue call'd (or rather cry'd)
Mee Whore, and Thief, Drunkard and Paricide:
But thou wilt alſo haue my Childe, my deer,
(Whom with ſo ſtrong a knot Loue links ſo neer)
My Babe, my Bliſſe? Yea marry (Minks) and ſhall:
Who takes my Childe, ſhall take my life with-all.

Iuſt *Dauids* iuſt Sonn for thy Father's ſake,
For his deer loue, for all that hee did make
Of thee a Childe, when hee (re-chylding) ſought
With childiſh ſport to ſtill thy cryes, and taught
(Or 'gan to teach) with language ſoft and weak,
Thy tender tongue ſome eaſie tearm to ſpeak:
Or, when (al bloody, breath-les, hot) hee came
Laden with Spoils of Kings hee ouercame,
Hee ran t'imbrace thee, rockt thee in his Targe,
And when thou Cry'dſt, vpon his ſhoulder large
Did ſet thee vp, while thou his beard didſt tug,
Play'dſt with his noſe, about his neck didſt hug,
Gap'tſt on his glittering Helm, and ſmil'dſt to ſee
Another SALOMON there ſmile on thee:
And vnderneath his dancing Plume didſt play
Like Bird in buſh, ſporting from ſpray to ſpray;
I doe adiure thee to attend my Plea:
By the ſweet name of thy deer *Berſabé*,
Who in the night, ſhiuering for cold, ſo oft
Hath bow'd her ſelf ouer thy Cradle ſoft;
Who both the Bottles of her *Nectar* white
Hath ſpent vpon thee, hundred times a night;
Who on thy head hath ſet her pearly Crown,
And in Thy life liu'd more than in her Owne:
I doo adiure thee (O great King) by all
That in the World we ſacred count or call,
To doo mee Right: and if, too-mylde, alas,
Too mercifull thou wilt not Sentence paſſe
Of iuſt reuenge for my receiued wrong;
Yet, reaue me not what doth to me belong,
What liberall Nature hath beſtow'd on mee,
What I am ſeaſ'd-of (without thank to thee):
For pitty doo not my Hart-blood depriue,
Make me not Childe-les, hauing Childe a-liue.
While both, at once, thus to the King they Crie,
'Tis mine, 'Tis mine: thou ly'ſt; and thou dooſt lie:

The

The partial People diuers Verdict ſpend;
Some fauour th'one, others the other friend;
As, when two Gameſters hazard (in a trice)
Fields, Vine-yards, Caſtles, on the Chance of Dice,
The ſtanders-by, diuerſly ſtird with-in,
Wiſh, ſome that This, and ſome that That may win;
Wauer twixt Hope and Fear; and euery-one's
Moou'd, with the mooving of the guile-ful Bones.
Only, the King demurres: his prudent ears
Finde like, both reaſons, both Complaints, both tears:
The Infants face could not diſcipher whether
Of both ſhould bee the very Mother: neither
Could calculation of their ages, cleer
The Iudges doubt; nor any proof appear.
Then, thus Hee waighs (but as in dreaming wiſe);
Th'induſtrious Iudge, when all proofs fail him, flies
Vnto Coniectures, drawn (the probableſt)
Out of the book of Natures learned breſt;
Or to the Rack: Now, Mothers loue (thinks he)
Is Natures owne vnchangeable Decree:
And there's no Torture that exceeds the pains
Which a kinde Mother in her Childe ſuſtains.
Then (as awake) Come, come, no more a-doo,
Diſpatch (ſaith hee) Cleaue the quick Child in two,
Look that the Sword bee ſharp; in ſuch a caſe,
Needs muſt our Pittie giue our Iuſtice place:
Iuſtice (yee ſee) can iudge him whole to neither:
Diuide him therefore, and giue half to either.
O difficult! but thus the King deſcries
Their harts deep ſecrets: all diſcouered lyes,
The vizor's off; their Tongues, ſincerely preſt
With true inſtinct, their very Thoughts expreſt:
Bee't (ſaid the ſtepdam) ſo, ſith 't muſt be ſo;
Diuide him iuſtly from the top to toe.
No (ſaid the other) rather, I renounce
My Right in him, take thou him all at once,

Enioy

Enioy him all; I'll rather haue him Thine
A-liue, and whole, than dead and mangled Mine.
Thine (quoth the King) hee 's Thine* (I see) *by Birth
Thine by thy Loue, and thine by my Decree.
Now, as with Gold growes in the self-same Mine
Much *Chrysocolle*, and also Siluer fine:
So, supream Honour, and Wealth, matcht by none,
Second the Wisedom of great DAVIDS Son.
Hee far and neer commands by Land and Seas;
A hundred Crowns doo homage vnto His:
His neerest Bounds *Nile* 's Sea and *Sidon* seem,
And *Euphrates* bows his moyst hornes to him:
Peru, they say (supposing *Ophir* so)
By yeerly Fleets into his Fisk dooth flowe:
In *Sion* Gold's as common as the Sand,
As Pebbles, Pearls: Through-out all *Iury*-Land,
There seems an Ocean of all happinesse
To ouer-flowe; and all doo all possesse:
Each vnder his owne Vine and his owne Tree,
His Grapes and Figs may gather quietly.
Thus he abounds in Blisse; not so to change-ill
Man into Beast, but make of Man an Angel,
To praise th' Immortall, who to him hath giuen
Euen here a Taste of the delights of Heauen.
This great, wise, wealthy, and wel-spoken King
His sweet renown o'r all the World doth ring:
The *Tyrian*, for Confederate desires-him:
Pharao for Son: th' Alien no lesse admires-him
Than his own Subiect: and his eyes sweet flames,
As far as *Nilus*, fire the flower of Dames.
O SALOMON, see'st thou not (O miss-hap)
This Marriage is no Marriage, but a Trap?
That such a mongrel Match of differing Creed,
Of mortall quarrels is th'immortall seed?
That Oxe and Asse can neuer well be broak
To drawe one Plough together in one yoak?

Who-euer

Who-euer weds a Miſcreant, forth-with
Diuorceth God: our Faith ſtill wauereth;
It needs an Aide and not a Tempter nigh,
Not th' inſtrument of th' old deceiuer ſlie,
Not deadly Poyſon in our Couch to couch,
Sleep in our boſome, and our breſt to touch,
And breathe into vs (in a kind of kiſsing)
An Ir-religion, of the Serpents hiſsing.
Shee that from *Ægypt* comes (ô King) is none
Fleſh of thy Fleſh, nor yet Bone of thy Bone:
But a ſtrange Bone, a barbarous Rib, a Peece
Impoyſoned all with *Memphian* Leproſies.
But, thou wilt ſay, thy Loue hath ſtript yer-while
Her ſpotted ſuite of Idol-ſeruing *Nile:*
And clad her all, in Innocence, in White;
Becom'n by Faith a true-born *Abramite*.
It might be ſo: and to that ſide I take,
The rather, for that *ſacred Beauties* ſake,
Where of ſhe is a Figure. Yet, I fear
Her Train wil ſtain thy Kingdom euery-where,
Corrupt thy Court: and God wil be offended,
To haue his People with ſtrange People blended;
The mightie Lord, who hath preciſely ſaid,
You ſhall not Theirs, nor they your daughters wed.
Vnder the gentle *Equinoctiall Line*,
Faire amorous Nature waters freſhly-fine
A little Groue clad in eternall green,
Where all the yeer long luſtie *May* is ſeen,
Suiting the Lawnes in all her pomp and pride
Of liuely Colours, louely varyfied:
There ſmiles the ground, the ſtarry-Flowers each one
There mount the more, the more th'are trod-vpon:
There, all growes toil-leſs; or, if tild it were,
Sweet *Zephyrus* is th'only Husband there.
There *Auſter* neuer roars, nor Hail diſ-leaues
Th' immortal Groue, nor any Branch bereaues.

There,

There the ſtraight Palm-Tree ſtoopeth in the Calm
To kiſſe his Spowſe, his loyall Female Palm:
There with ſoft whiſpers whiſtling all the year (Pheer,
The Broad-leau'd Plane-Tree Courts the Plane his
The Poplar wooes the Poplar, and the Vine
About the Elme her ſlender armes doth twine:
Th'Iuie about the Oak: there all doth proue,
That there, all ſprings, all growes, all liues in Loue.
Opinion 's Keeper, and the Gate ſhe bars
Gainſt Couetize, cold Age and ſullen Cares,
Except they leaue-off and lay-down before
Their troublous load of Reaſon at the doore;
But opens wide, to let-in Baſhful-Boldnes, ſnes,
Dumb-ſpeaking Signes, Chill-Heat, and Kindled-Cold-
Smooth ſoothing Vows, deep Sorrows ſoon appeas'd,
Tears ſudden dry'd, fel Angers quickly pleas'd,
Smiles, Wyly Guiles, queint wittie-prettie Toyes,
Soft Idlenes, and ground-les, bound-les Ioyes,
Sweet Pleaſure plunged ouer head and eares
In ſugred *Nectar*, immaterial Fears,
Hoarſe Waaks, late Walks, Pain-pleaſing kindly cruell,
Aſpiring Hope (Deſire's immortall fuell)
Licentious Loofneſſe, Prodigall Expence
Inchanting Songs, deep Sighs, and ſweet Laments.
These frollike Louelings fraighted Neſts doo make
The balmy Trees o'r-laden Boughs to crack;
Bewty layes, Fancie ſits, th'inflamed heat
Of Loue dooth hatch their Couvies nicely-neat:
Some are but kindled yet, ſome quick appear,
Some on their backs carry their Cradles deer.
Some downie-clad, ſome (fledger) take a twig
To pearch vpon, ſome hop, from ſprig to ſprig:
One, in the freſh ſhade of an Apple-Tree
Lets hang its Quiuer, while ſoft-pantingly
'Texhales hot Vapour: one, againſt a Sparrow
Tries his ſtiff Bowe and Giant-ſtooping Arrow:

Ano-

Another fly ſets lime-twigs for the Wren,
Finch, Linot, Tit-mouſe, Wag-Tail (Cock and Hen):
See, ſee how ſome their idle wings forſake,
And (turn'd, of Flyers, Riders) one doth take
A Thruſh, another on a Parrot rides,
This mounts a Peacock, that a Swan beſtrides,
That manageth a Phaiſant: this doth make
The Ring-Doue turn, that brings the Culuer back:
See how a number of this wanton Fry
Doo fondly chaſe the gawdie Butter-Fly,
Some with their flowerie Hat, ſome with their hands,
Some with ſweet Roſe-boughs, ſom with Mirtle wands:
But, th'horned Bird, with nimble turns, beguiles
And ſcapes the ſnares of all theſe Loues a-whiles.
Leaue, Wags (Cryes *Venus*) leaue this wanton Play:
For ſo, in ſteed of Butter-Flyes, you may,
You may (my Chicks) a Child of *Venus* ſtrike:
For, ſome of mine haue Horns and all alike.
This ſaid: eft-ſoons two twins whoſe gold-head darts
Are neuer ſteeped but in Royal hearts;
Come, Brother deer (ſaid either) come let's to't,
Let's each a ſhaft at yon two boſoms ſhoot.
Their winged words th'effect enſues as wight,
Two or three ſteps they make to take their flight,
And quick-thick ſhaking on their ſinnewie ſide
Their long ſtrong ſarcels, richly triple-died
Gold-Azure-Crimſin; th'one aloft doth ſoar
To *Paleſtine*, th'other to *Nilus* ſhoar.
Pharao's faire daughter (wonder of her Time)
Then in the blooming of her Beauties Prime,
Was queintly dreſsing of her Treſſ-ful head
Which round about her to the ground did ſpred:
And, in a rich gold-ſeeled Cabinet,
Three Noble Mayds attend her in the feat;
One with a peece of double dented Box
Combs out at length her goodly golden locks:

Another

Another 'noynts them with Perfumes of price,
Th' other with bodkin or with fingers nice,
Frizles and Furls in Curls and Rings a part;
The reſt, looſe dangling without ſeeming Art,
Waue to and fro, with cunning negligence
Gracing the more her Beauties excellence.
When, armd with Arrows burning, brightly keen,
Swift Swallow-like, one of theſe Twins comes in;
And, with his left wing hiding ſtil his Bowe,
Into her boſome ſhot I woat not how.
O, my ſide! oh my hart (the Royal Maid Cries out)
O, I am ſlaine: but, ſearching all about,
When ſhe perceiu'd no blood, no bruiſe; alas,
It is no wound; but ſleeping in the graſſe,
Some Snake (ſaith ſhee) hath crept into me quick,
It gnawes my hart: ah, help mee, I am ſick,
Haue mee to bed: ay mee, a freezing-Frying,
A burning-cold torments mee liuing-dying.
O cruell Boy, alas, how mickle gal
Thy baenful ſhaft mingles thy Mel withall!
The Royal Maide, which with her Mates was wont
Smile, Skip, and dance on Fields inammeld front,
Loues ſoleneſſe, ſadnes, and Self-priuacie;
Sighes, ſobs, and throbs, and yet ſhee knowes not why:
The ſumptuous pride of maſsie *Piramides*
Preſents her eyes with Towers of *Iebuſides*;
In *Niles* cleer Cryſtal ſhee doth *Iordan* ſee,
In *Memphis*, *Salem*; and vn-warily
Her hand (vn-bidden) in her Sampler ſets
The King of *Iudas* Name and Counterfets:
Who, mediting the Sacred TEMPLES Plot,
By th' other Twin at the ſame time is ſhot:
The ſhaft ſticks faſt, the wound's within his veines:
Sleep cannot bring a-ſleep his pleaſing pains;
PHARONIDA's his hart, PHARONIDA
Is all his Theam to talk-of, night and day:

With-

With-in his ſoule a ciuill War he feeds:
Th'all-ſeeing Sun, now early backs his Steeds,
Now mounts his Mid-day, and then ſetteth ſoon:
But ſtill his Loue ſtands at the hot high Noon.
Hee Rides not his braue Courſers (as he wont),
Nor Reads, nor Wrights, nor in his Throne doth mount,
To heare the Widdow's cauſe: neglects his Court,
Neglects his Rule; Loue rules him in ſuch ſort.
  Your prudent Legats, Agents for this Mariage,
Of Rings and Tablets you may ſpare the Cariage:
For, wittie Loue hath with his louely ſhaft
In eithers hart grau'n others liuely Draught:
Each Liues in other, and they haue (ô ſtrange!)
Made of their burning harts a happie Change.
Better abroad, then home, their harts delight;
Yet long their bodies to their hoaſts t'vnite.
  Which ſoon enſues: the Virgin's ſhortly had
From Mothers armes imbracing gladly-ſad:
And th'aged Father, weeping as hee ſpake,
Bids thus adieu when ſhee her leaue doth take.
Sweet Daughter deer, *Oſiris* bee thy guide,
And Louing *Iſis* bleſſe thee and thy Bride;
With golden Fruit; and dayly with-out ceaſe
Your mutuall Loues may as your yeers increaſe.
  Wiues, Maides, & Children, yong & old, each-where,
With looks and vowes from Turrets follow her:
Calme *Nilus* calmer then it wont is grow'n,
Her Ships haue merrie windes, the Seas haue none:
Her footing makes the ground all fragrant-freſh
Her ſight re-flowers th'*Arabian* Wildernes:
Iurie reioyces, and in all the way
Nothing but Trumpets, Fifes, and Timbrels play:
The Flower-crownd People, ſwarming on the Green,
Cry ſtil, *God ſaue, God ſaue, God ſaue* the *Queen*:
May ſhee be like a ſcion, pale and ſick
Through th'ouer-ſhading of a Sire two thick:

Which

Which being Tranſplanted, free, ſweet ayre doth ſup,
To th' ſweating Clouds her grouie top ſends vp,
And proſpers ſo in the ſtrange ſoil, that tild,
Her golden Apples all the Orchard gild.
No ſtr eets are ſeen in rich *Ieruſalem*.
For, vnder-foot fine Skarlet paueth them,
Silks hang the ſides, and ouer-head they hold
Archt Canapeis of gliſtering Cloth of gold:
They throng, they thruſt, an ebbing-flowing Tide,
A Sea of Folk follows th' adored Bride:
The ioyful Ladies from their windows ſhed
Sweet ſhowers of flowers vpon her radiant head;
Yet ielous, leaſt (dy'd in their natiue grain)
Her Roſie Cheeks ſhould Natures Roſes ſtain.
But lo, at laſt, th' honor of Maieſtie,
Glorie of Kings, King SALOMON drawes nigh:
Lo now both Louers, enter-glaunc ing ſweet
(Like Sun and Moon, when at ful view they meet
In the mid-month) with amorous rayes reflection
Send mutual Welcoms from their deep affection:
Both a-like yong, like beautiful, like braue,
Both graç't a-like; ſo like, that whoſo haue
Not neer obſerv'd their heads vn-likeneſſes,
Think them two *Adons* or two *Venuſſes*.
Theſe nouice Louers at their firſt arriue
Are baſhful both; their paſsions ſtrangely ſtriue:
Their ſoules ſweet Fier his ruddy flames doth fluſh
Into their Faces in a modeſt bluſh:
Their tongues are tyed, their ſtar-bright eies ſeem vail'd
With Shame-faç't Cipres; all their ſenſes faild.
But, pompous *Hymen*, whither am I brought?
Am not I (heathen) vnder th' happie Vault
Where al the Gods, with glorious mirth inhaunſt,
At *Thetis* Nuptials eat, and drank, and daunç't?
Heer, th' *Idumeans* mightie *Ioue* treads vnder
His tripping feet his bright-light burning Thunder,

A-while

A-while, hee laies his Maieſtie a-ſide,
To Court, and ſport, and reuel with his Bride;
King, playes the Courtier; Soueraign, Sutor comes;
And ſeems but equal with his Chamber-Groomes:
But yet, what e'r he doo, or can deuiſe,
Diſguiſed Glorie ſhineth in his eyes.
Heer, many a *Phœbus*, and heer manie a *Muſe*
On heau'nly Layes ſo rarely-ſweet doo vſe
Their golden bowes, that with the rapting ſound
Th' Arches and Columns wel-nigh dance the Round.
Heer, many a *Iuno*, many a *Pallas* heer,
Heer many a *Venus*, and *Diana* cleer,
Catch many a gallant Lord, according as
Wealth, Bewtie, Honour their affection drawes.
Heer, many an *Hebé* faire, heer more then one
Quick-ſeruing *Chiron* neatly waits vpon
The Beds and Boords, and pliant bears about
The boules of *Nectar* quickly turned out;
And th' ouer-burthned Tables bend with waight
Of their *Ambroſial* ouer-filled fraight.
Heer, many a *Mars* vn-bloody Combats fights,
Heer, many a *Hermes* finds-out new delights,
Heer, many a horned *Satyre*, many a *Pan*,
Heer, *Wood-Nymphs*, *Flood-Nymphs*, many a *Faerie Faune*
With luſtie friſks and liuely bounds bring-in
Th' Antike, *Moriske*, and the *Mattachine*.
For euen Gods Seruants (God knowes how) haue ſupt
The ſugred baen of *Pagan* Rites corrupt.
But, with ſo many liuely Types, at wil
Their rich rare Arras other-ſome ſhal fil:
Of all the Sports, I'll only chuſe one Meaſure,
One Dance compounded of a ſage-ſweet pleaſure;
A Dance ſo chaſte, ſo ſacred, and ſo graue
(And yet ſo graceful, and ſo loftie-braue)
As may beſeem (except I mee abuſe)
Great SALOMON, and my celeſtiall *Muſe*.
The Tables voyded of their various Cates,
They riſe at once; and ſuiting their Eſtates,

Each takes a Dame, and then to Dance they come
Into a ſtately, rich, round-arched Room,
So large and light-ſome that it (right) they call
The Vniuerſall, or *The Worlds great Hall*.
O what delight, to ſee ſo rich a Showe
Of Lords and Ladies in ſo rich a Rowe,
All in a Round reaching ſo far and wide
O'r all the Hall to foot-it ſide by ſide!
Their eyes ſweet ſplendor ſeems a *Pharos* bright,
With clinquant Rayes their Body's clothed light:
'Tis not a Dance, but rather a ſmooth ſlyding,
All moue a-like, after the Muſicks guiding:
Their Tune-skill'd feet in ſo true Time doo fall,
That one would ſwear one Spirit doth bear them all:
They poſte vn-moouing; and though ſwift they paſſe
'Tis not perceiu'd: of hundred thowſand paſe,
One ſingle back they: Round on Round they dance;
And, as they trauerſe, caſt a fruitfull glance.
Iuſt in the middle of the Hall, a-ſloap
(Euen from the floor vnto the very top)
A broad rich Baldrik there extendeth round,
In-laid with gold into an azure ground,
Where (couer'd all with Flames) with wondrous Art
Fiue Lords, two Ladies dance; but each a-part.
Heer trips an old-man in a Mantle dy'd
Deep Leaden-hue, and round about him ty'd
With a Snake-girdle by ting off her tayl.
With-in his Robe's ſtuff (in a winding trayl)
Creeps Mandrake, Comin, Rue, and Helleboree;
With liuely Figures of the Bear and Boar,
Cammel, and Aſſe (about to bray wel-nigh):
There the *Strimonian* Foul ſeems euen to crie,
The Peacock euen to prank. For Tablet fine,
About his neck hangs a great Cornaline,
Where ſome rare Artiſt (curiouſing vpon't)
Hath deeply cut Times triple-formed Front:
His paſe is heauy, and his face ſeuere;
His Body heer; but yet his minde els-where.

There

There the Lord *Zedec* him more ſprightly bears,
Milde, fair, and pleaſant; on his back he wears
Tin-colour'd Tiſſue, figur'd all with Oaks
Eares, Violets, Lillies, Oliues, Apricocks;
Bordred with Phaiſants, Egles winged-black,
And Elephants, with Turrets on their back,
Pointed with Dimonds, powdered and imboſt
With Emeralds, perfum'd with wondrous Coſt.
The third leads quicker on the ſelf ſame Arch
His *Pyrrhik* Galiard, like a War-like March:
His Face is fierie: Many an Amethiſt,
And many a Iaſpire of the perfecteſt
Doth brightly gliſter in the double gilt
Of the rich Pommel and the pretious Hilt
Of his huge Fauchin, bow'd from hand to heel:
His boſtrous body ſhines in burniſht Steel:
His Shield flames bright with gold, imboſſed high
With Wolues and Horſe ſeem-running ſwiftly by,
And freng'd about with ſprigs of Scammonie,
And of *Euphorbium*, forged cunningly.
But ô fair Faerie, who art thou, whoſe eyes
Inflame the Seas, the Ayre, the Earth and Skies?
Tell vs, what art thou, ô thou faireſt fair,
That trimm'ſt the Trammels of thy golden hair,
With Mirtle, Thyme, and Roſes; and thy Breſt
Gird'ſt with a rich and odoriferous * Ceſt,
Where all the wanton brood of ſweeteſt Loues
Doo neſtle cloſe; on whom the Turtle-Doues,
Pigeons, and Sparrowes day and night attend,
Cooing and wooing, wherſo'er thou wend:
Whoſe Robe's imbrodered with Pomgranet boughs,
Button'd with Saphires, edg'd with Beryl rowes:
Whoſe capering foot, about the ſtarrie floor,
The Dance-guide Prince, now followes, now's before?
Art thou not Shee, that with a chaſte-ſweet flame
Didſt both our Brides harts into one hart frame?
And, was not Hee, that with ſo curious ſteps,
Next after thee, ſo nimblie turns and leaps,

* A Spouſe-belt.

Say, was not Hee the wittie Meſſenger,
Their eloquent and quick Interpreter?
How ſtrange a ſuit! His medly Mantle ſeems
Scarlet, Waue-laced with Quick-ſiluer ſtreams,
And th'end of euery Lace, for tuft hath on
A pretious Porphyre, or an Agate-ſtone:
A Cry of Hownds haue heer a Deer in Chaſe,
There a falſe Foxe, heer a ſwift Kid they trace:
There Larks, and Linots, and ſweet Nightingails
(Fain'd vpon fayned Trees) with wings and tails
Looſe hanging, ſeem to ſwel their little throats,
And with their warblings, ſhame the Cornets notes.
Light Fumitorie, Parſly, Burnets blade
And winding leaf his criſpie Locks beſhade.
Hee's light and liuely, al in Turns and Tricks;
In his great Round, hee many ſmall doth mixe:
His giddy Courſe ſeems wandring in diſorder,
And yet there's found in this diſorder, order.
Auoid baſe Vulgar, back Profane, ſtand-by;
Theſe ſacred Reuels are not for your eye:
Come, gentle Gentles, Noble Spirits draw neer,
Preaſſe through the Preaſſe, come take your places heer,
To ſee at full the Bride-groom and the Bride,
A louely paire, exactly bewtifi'd
With rare perfections, paſsing all the reſt,
Sole-happy Cauſes of this ſumptuous Feaſt.
Lo where they come: O what a ſplendor bright!
Mine eyes doo dazle. O thou primer Light!
Sun of the Sun, thy Rayes keen point rebate,
Thy dread-ſpread Fire a little temperate:
O, dart (direct) on thy fair Spouſe a-ſpace
Thine eyes pure light, the luſtre of thy Face:
For I no longer can endure it, I
Am burnt to aſhes: ô I faint, I dye.
But (bleſſed Couple) ſith (alas) I may-not
Behold you both vn-masked, nor I can-not;
Yet, in theſe Verſes let mee tell (I pray)
Your Dance, your Courting, and your rich Aray.

The Queen's adorn'd down to her very heels
In her fair Hair (whence ſtil ſweet deaw diſtils)
Half hanging down; the reſt in rings and curls,
Platted with ſtrings of great, round, orient Pearls:
Her gown is Damask of a Siluer-ground,
With Siluer Seas all deeply-frenged round;
With Gourds and Moon-wort branched richly-fair,
Flouriſht with Beaſts that only eat the Aier.
But why (my *Muſe*) with Pencil ſo preciſe
Seek'ſt thou to paint all her rich Rarities?
Of all the Bewties, Graces, Honors, Richeſſe
Where-with rich Heu'n theſe Maskers all inriches,
Shee's euen the Mother: and then, as a Glaſſe,
On the Beholders their effects ſhee caſts.
A Garland braided with the Flowrie folds
Of yellow Citrons, Turn-Sols, Mary-golds,
Beſet with Bal'nites, Rubies, Chryſolites,
The royall Bride-groom's radiant brows be-dights:
His ſaffron'd Ruffe is edged richly-neat
With burning Carbuncles, and euerie ſet
Wrought rarely-fine with branches (draw'n vpon)
Of Laurel, Cedar, Balm, and Cinamon:
On his Gold-grounded Robe the Swan ſo white
Seems to his honour ſome new Song t'indight,
The Phœnix there builds both her neſt and toombe,
The Crocodile out of the Waues doth come,
Th'amazed Reaper down his Sickle flings
And ſoudain Fear grafts to his Ankles wings:
There the fierce Lion, from his furious eyes,
His mouth and noſthrils fierie-Flames let-flyes,
Seems with his whisking train his rage to whet,
And, wrath-full ramping, readie euen to ſet
Vpon a Heard of fragrant Leopards:
When lo, the Cock (that light his rage reguards)
A purple Plume tymbers his ſtately Creſt,
On his high Gorget and broad hardy Breſt
A rich Coat-Armour (*Or* and *Azure*) ſhines,
A frenge of raueld gold about his Loines:

In lieu of baſes. Beard as red as blood;
A ſhort Beak bending like the Egles brood:
Green-yellow eyes, where Terrors Tent is pight:
A martial gaite, and ſpurred as a Knight:
Into two arches his prowd Train diuides,
With painted wings hee claps his cheerful ſides,
Sounds his ſhrill Trumpet, and ſeems with his ſight
The Lions courage to haue danted quight.
Theſe happy Louers, with a practiz'd paſe
For-ward and back-ward and a-ſide do trace;
They ſeem to dance the *Spaniſh Pauane* right:
And yet their Dance, ſo quick and liuely-light,
Doth neuer paſſe the Baldricks bounds (at al)
Which grau'n with Star-Beaſts ouer-thwarts the Hall.
Whē the braue Bride-groom towards Moūt *Silo* traces,
A thowſand Flowers ſpring in his ſpright-ful paſes:
When towards Mount *Oliuet* hee ſlides, there growes
Vnder his Feet a thouſand Froſty Snowes:
For, the Floor, beaten with his Meaſures euer,
Seems like the Footing of the nimble Weauer.
This louely Couple, now kiſſe, now recoil,
Now with a lowring eye, now with a ſmile:
Now Face to Face they Dance, now ſide by ſide,
With Courſe vn-equal: and the tender Bride
Receaues ſtrange Changes in her Countenance,
After her Louers diuers-ſeeming glance.
If vnawares ſome Enuious come between
Her and her Loue, then is ſhee ſad be-ſeen,
She ſhuts her eye, ſhee ſeems euen to depart:
Such force hath true Loue in a noble hart.
But all that's nothing to their muſicke choice:
Tuning the warbles of their Angel-Voice
To Foot and Viole, and Care-charming Lute,
In amorous Dittie they doo thus diſpute.

" O bright-ey'd Virgin! ô how faire thou art!
" O how I loue thee, My Snowe-winged Doue!
" O how I loue thee! Thou haſt rapt my hart:
" For thee I Die: For thee I liue, my Loue.

How

" How fair art thou my Dear! How dear to mee!
" Deer Soule (awake) I faint, I ſink, I ſownd,
" At thy deer Sight: and when I ſleep; for Thee,
" Within my breſt ſtill wakes my ſharp-ſweet Wound.
" My Loue, what Odours thy ſweet Treſſe it yeelds!
" What Amber-greece, what Incenſe breath'ſt thou out
" From purple fillets! and what Myrrhe diſtils
" Still from thy Fingers, ring'd with Gold about!
" Sweet-Hart, how ſweet is th' Odour of thy Prayſe!
" O what ſweet aiers doth thy ſweet aire deliuer
" Vnto my burning Soule! What hony Layes
" Flowe from thy throat, thy throat a golden River.
" Among the Flowers, my Flower's a Roſe, a Lillie;
" A Roſe, a Lilly; this a Bud, that blow'n:
" This fragrant Flower firſt of all gather wil-I,
" Smell to it, kiſſe it, wear it as mine owne.
" Among the Trees, my Loue's an Apple-Tree,
" Thy fruit-ful Stem bears Flower and Fruit together:
" I'll ſmel thy Flower, thy Fruit ſhal nouriſh mee,
" And in thy Shadow wil I reſt for euer.

While *Heſperus*, in azure Waggon brought
Millions of Tapers ouer al the Vault,
Theſe gorgeous Reuels to ſweet Reſt giue place,
And, the earths *Venus* doth Heau'ns *Venus* trace.

Theſe Spouſals paſt: the King doth nothing minde
But *the Lords Houſe*; there is his Care confin'd:
His Checker's open, he no Coſt reſpects,
But ſets a work the wittieſt Architects.

Millions of hands be buſie labouring;
Through al the Woods, wedges and beetles ring,
The Tufted Tops of ſacred *Libanon*,
To climb Mount *Sion*, down the ſtream are gon:
Foreſts are ſaw'd in Tranſomes, Beams, and Somers:
Great Rocks made little, what with Sawes and Hāmers:
The ſturdy Quar-man with ſteel-headed Cones
And maſsie Sledges ſlenteth out the Stones,
Digs through the bowels of th'earth baked ſtiff,
Cuts a wide Window through a horned Cliff

Of ruddy Porphire, or white Alabaſter,
And maſſie Marble, which no Time can Maſter.
One melts the White-ſtone with the force of Fire:
Another, leueld by the *Leſbian* Squire,
Deep vnder ground (for the Foundation) ioynes
Wel-poliſht Marble, in long maſſie Coines;
Such both for ſtuff, and for rare artifice,
As mought beſeem ſome royall Frontiſpice.
This heaws a Chapter; that a Frize doth frame;
This Carues a Cornich; that prepares a Iambe,
This formes a Plynth; that fits an Architraue;
This planes a Plank; and that the ſame doth graue,
Giues life to Cedars dead, and cunningly
Makes Wood to moue, to ſigh and ſpeak wel-nigh:
And others, rearing high the ſacred Wal,
By their bold Labours Heau'n it ſelf appall:
Cheerly they work, and ply it in ſuch ſort
As if they thought long Summer-dayes too ſhort.
As in Grape-Harueſt, with vnweariе pains,
A willing Troup of merry-ſinging Swains,
With crooked hooks the ſtrouting Cluſters cut,
In Frailes and Flaskets them as quickly put,
Run bow'd with burthens to the fragrant Fat,
Tumble them in, and after pit-a-pat,
Vp to the Waſte; and dauncing in the Muſt,
To th' vnder-Tub a flowrie Shower doo thruſt:
They worke a-vie, to th' eye their Work doth growe,
Who ſaw't ith' Morning, ſcarce at Night can knowe
It for the ſame: and God himſelf doth ſeem
T' haue ta'en to Taske this Work, and work for them,
While in the Night ſweet Sleep reſtores with reſt
The weary limbs of Work-men ouer-preſt.
Great King, whence came this Courage (*Titan-like*)
So many Hils to heap vpon a rick?
What mightie Rowlers, and what maſsie Cars
Could bring ſo far ſo many monſtrous Quars?
And, what huge ſtrength of hanging Vaults embow'd
Bears ſuch a waight aboue the winged Clowde?

If

If on the out-side I doo cast mine eye,
The Stones are ioyn'd so artificially,
That if the Maçon had not checkerd fine,
*Syre's Alabaster with hard Serpentine,
And hundred Marbles no lesse fair than firm;
The whole, a whole Quar one might rightly tearm.
If I look In, then scorn I all with-out:
Surpassing Riches shineth all about:
Floore, Sides, and Seeling, couerd triple-fold,
Stone lyn'd with Cedar, Cedar limm'd with Gold:
And all the Parget caru'd and branched trim
With Flowrs and Fruits, and winged Cherubim.
I ouer-passe the sacred Implements,
In worth far passing all these Ornaments:
Th' Art answers to the stuff, the stuff to th' vse.
O perfect Artist, thou for Mould didst chuse
The Worlds *Idea*: For, as first the same
Was seuer'd in a Three-fold diuers Frame,
And God Almighty rightly did Ordain
One all Diuine, one Heau'nly, one Terrene;
Decking with Vertues one, with Stars another,
With Flowrs and Fruits, and Beasts, and Birds the other:
And playd the Painter, when hee did so gild
The turning Globes, blew'd Seas, and green'd the field,
Gaue precious Stones so many-coloured lustre,
Enameld Flowers, made Mettals beam and glister:
The Caruer, when he cut in leaues and stems
Of Plants, such veins, such figures, files and hems:
The Founder, when he cast so many Forms
Of winged Fouls, of Fish, of Beasts, of Worms:
Thou doost diuide this *Sacred House* in Three;
Th' *Holy of Holies*, where-in none may bee
But God, the Cherubims, and (once a yeer)
The *Sacred Figure* of Perfection deer,
Of Gods eternall Son (Sins sin-les check)
The euer-lasting true MELCHISEDEC:
The fair mid-TEMPLE, which is ope alone
To Sun-bright *Leuites*, who on *Israel* shone

*Syrian.

With

With Rayes of Doctrine; and who, feeding well
On the *Lawes* Honie, seem in Heau'n to dwell:
And th'vtter PORCH, the Peoples residence,
The Vulgars Ile, the World of Elements:
And various Artist honour'st all the Parts
With *Myron's*, *Phydias*, and *Apelles* Arts.
This Pattern pleasd thee so, th' hast fram'd by it,
Th' eternall Watch-births of thy sacred Wit:
Thy pithie Book of *Prouerbs* richly-graue,
Vnto the PORCH may rich relation haue:
For that it giues vs Oeconomike Lawes,
Rules Politike, and Priuate ciuil Sawes;
And for (the most) those Lessons general
At Humane matters aime the most of all.
Ecclesiastes the mid-TEMPLE seems:
It treadeth down what euer Flesh esteems
Fair, pleasant, precious, glorious, good, or great;
Drawes vs from earth, and vs in Heauen doth seat;
And, all the World proclaiming *Vain of Vains*,
Mans happinesse in Gods true Fear maintains.
SANCTVM-SANCTORVM, is thy *Song of Songs*,
Where, in *Mysterious* Verse (as meet belongs)
Thou Marriest *Iacob* to Heau'ns glorious King:
Where, thou (deuoted) doost diuinely sing
CHRIST's and his CHVRCHES *Epithalamie:*
Where (sweetly rapt in sacred Extasie)
The faith-ful Soule talks with her God immense,
Hears his sweet Voice, her self doth quintessence
In the pure flames of his sweet-pearcing eyes
(The Cabinets where Grace and Glory lies)
Enioyes her Ioy, in her chaste bed doth kisse
His holy lips (the Loue of Loues) her Blisse.
When he had finisht and had furnisht full
The *House of God*, so rich, so bewtifull:
O God (sayd *Salomon*) great *Only-True!*
Which of this *Mystike* sacred House of Thine
Hast made mee Builder; build Mee in the same
A liuing Stone. For thy deer DAVIDS name,

On

On DAVIDS branches DAVIDS bliſſe reuiue;
That on his Throne his Iſſue ſtill may thriue.
O All-compriſing, None-compriſed Prince,
Which art in Heau'n by thy Magnificence,
In Hell by Iuſtice, each-where by thy Powers:
Dwell here (deer Father) by thy Grace (to Ours).
If, in a doubtful Caſe, one needs muſt ſwear,
Looſe thou the Knot, and puniſh thou ſeuere
Th' audacious Periure; that hence-forth none chance
Taxe thee of Malice, or of Ignorance.
If our diſ-flowred Trees, our Fields Haile-torn,
Our empty Ears, our light and blaſted Corn,
Preſage vs Famine; if, with ten-fold chain,
Thy hand hath lockt thy Water-gates of Rain;
And, towards this Houſe wee humbled caſt our eye,
Hear vs (O Lord) hear our complaint and crie.
If Captiues wee in a ſtrange Land beway'l,
If in the Wars our Force and Fortune fail;
And, towards this Houſe wee humbled caſt our eye,
Hear vs (O Lord) hear our complaint and crie.
If Strangers, moou'd with rumor of thy Miracles,
Come here to Offer, to conſult thine Oracles,
And in this Houſe to Kneel religiouſly,
Hear them, O Lord, hear their complaint and crie:
Hear them from Heau'n; and, by thy Fauors preſt,
Draw to Thy TEMPLE, North, South, Eaſt, and Weſt.

The paſſe-Man *Wiſdom* of th' *Iſacian* Prince,
A Light ſo bright, ſet in ſuch eminence
(Vn-hideable by enuious Arrogance,
Vnder the Buſhell of black Ignorance)
Shines euery where, illuſtres euery place;
Among the reſt it Lightens in the Face
Of the fair Princeſſe, that with prudent hand
The ſoft *Arabian* Scepter doth command,
The Queen of *Saba*, where continual Spring
Red Cinamom, Incenſe, and Myrrhe dooth bring;
Where priuate men doo Prince-like Treaſures hold,
Where Pots be Siluer, Bedſteds beaten Gold,

Where

Where Wals are rough-caſt with the richeſt Stones
Caſt in Deuiſes, Emblems, Scutchions.
Yet, leauing all this Greatneſſe of her owne,
Shee comes to view the State of SALOMON,
To heare his Wiſedom, and to ſee his Cittie,
Refuge of Vertues, Schoole of Faith and Pittie.
You, that doo ſhut your eyes againſt the rayes
Of glorious Light, which ſhineth in our dayes;
Whoſe ſpirits ſelf-obſtin'd in old muſty Error,
Repulſe the *Truth* (*Th' Amightie ſacred Mirror*)
Which day and night at your deaf Doors doth knock;
Whoſe ſtubbornneſſe will not at all vn-lock
The ſacred *Bible*, nor ſo much as look,
To talke with God, into his holy Book:
O, fear you not that this great Princeſſe ſhall
Of thank-les Sloath one-day condemne you all?
Who (both a Woman, Queen, and Pagan born)
Eaſe, Pleaſures, Treaſures, doth deſpiſe and ſcorn;
To paſſe with great pains, and with great expence,
Long weary Iourneys ful of diffidence:
And nobly trauels to another Land
To hear the words but of a (mortal) Man?
Her Time's not loſt: there (rapt) ſhe doth contemple
The ſumptuous bewties of a ſtately TEMPLE,
The lofty Towers of hundred Towns in one,
A pompous Palace, and a peer-les Throne,
Wals rich with-out; furniſht in richer ſort:
Number of Seruants dooth adorne the Court,
But more their Order; there, no noiſe is heard,
Each his own Office only doth reguard:
And, (in one inſtant) as the quauerings
Of a quicke Thumb, moues all the diuers ſtrings
Of a ſweet Gnittern; and, its skil to grace,
Cauſeth a Trebble ſound, a Mean, a Baſe:
So SALOMON, diſcreetly with a beck,
A wink, a word, doth all the Troop direct:
Each of his Seruants hath his proper Leſſon,
And (after his Degree) each hath his faſhion.

This

This Queen, yer parting, from her fragrant Iles,
Arm'd her with Riddles and with witty Wyles,
T'appoſe the King; and ſhee reſolues ſhee will
With curious Queſtions ſift and ſound his Skill.
But lo what *Oedipus!* The Law-learn'd Sage,
Which at the Bar hath almoſt ſpent his age,
Cannot ſo ſoon a common Doubt decide,
Where Statutes, Cuſtoms, and Book-Caſes guide,
As hee diſſolues her *Gordian*-knots, and ſees
Through all her nights, and euen at pleaſure frees
Such Doubts, as doubt-les might haue taskt, t'vntwiſt,
The *Brachman*, *Druide*, and *Gymnoſophiſt*:
And knowing, Good becomes more Good, the more
It is en-common'd, hee applies there-fore
T'inſtruct her in the Faith; and (enuious-idle)
His brains rich Talent buries not in Idle.
Alas, I pitie you: alas (quoth Hee)
Poor Soules beſotted in Idolatrie,
Who worſhip Gold and Siluer, Stocks and Stones,
Mens workmanſhip, and Fiends Illuſions;
And, who (by your ſage *Mages* Lore miſſ-led)
So-many Godlings haue imagined:
Madame, there is but one ſole God, moſt-High,
Th'eternall King, nay, ſelf-Eternity,
Infinite, All in all, yet out of all,
Of Ends the End, of Firſts Originall,
Of Lights the Light, Eſſence ſur-paſſing Eſſence,
Of Powers pure Act, of Acts the very Puiſſance,
Cauſe of all Cauſes, Ocean of all Good,
The Life of Life, and of all Bewtie Flood:
None-ſeen All-Seer, Starr's-guide, Sight of Seeing,
The Vni-forme, which giues all Formes their Beeing.
God, and One, is all One; whoſo the Vnitie
Denies, hee (Atheiſt) diſanuls Diuinitie:
Th'Vnitie dwels in God, ith' Fiend the Twine:
The greater World hath but one Sun to ſhine,
The leſſer but one Soule, both but one God,
In Eſſence One, in Perſon *Trinely*-odde.

Of

Of this great Frame, the Parts ſo due-deuis'd,
This Body, tun'd ſo, meaſur'd, ſympathiz'd,
This TEMPLE, where ſuch Wealth and Order meet,
This Art in euery part, cannot proceed
But from one Pattern; and that but from one
Author of all, who all preſerues alone.
Elſe ſhould we ſee in ſet Batalions
A hundred thouſand furious Partizans,
The World would nource ciuill inteſtine Wars,
And wrack it ſelf in it ſelfs factious Iars.
Beſides, God is an Infinite Diuinitie:
And who can think of more than one Infinitie?
Seeing the one reſtraines the others might,
Or rather reaues its name and being quight.
Therfore (O Pagans) why doo you confine
The Infinite in narrow Walls of lime?
Why ſhut you Him in a baſe Trunk or Tree?
Why paint you Whom no mortall eye can ſee?
Why offer you your carnall ſeruices
Vnto the Lord, who a meer Spirit is?
Why then doo you (ſayd ſhee) by our example,
Incloſe th'Immortall in this Earthly TEMPLE?
Lock him within an Arke? and, worſe than wee,
Feed him with Fumes, and bloody Butcherie?
This Sacred Houſe ſo fair (reply'd hee then)
Is not, to contain God, but godly men
Which worſhip him: and, wee doo not ſuppoſe
That Hee, whoſe Arms doo Heau'n and Earth incloſe,
Is cloſed in a Cheſt; but th'ancient Pact,
The ſolemne Couenant, and the ſure Contract,
Which leagues vs with our God, and each with other,
And (holy Bond) holds Heauen and Earth together.
As for our Incenſe, Waſhings, Sacrifices,
They are not (as is thought) Our vaine Deuices;
But, God's their Author, and himſelfe Ordains
Theſe Elements, whereby hee entertains
And feeds our vnderſtanding in the hope
Of his deer Son (of all theſe Things the Scope);

Setting

Setting before vs th' Only Sacrifice,
Which in CHRIST's Blood ſhall waſh-out all our vice.
Come then, O Lord, Come thou Lawes finiſher,
Great King, great Prophet, great Selfs-Offerer:
Come, come, thou thrice-Great Refuge of our State,
Come, thou our Rançome, Iudge, and Aduocate:
Milde Lambe, Salue-Serpent, Lion generous,
Vn-challeng'd Vmpire betwixt Heau'n and Vs,
Come thou, the Trueth, the Subſtance and the End
Of all our Offerings, (whither, all doo tend):
Come ô MESSIAS, and doo now begin
To Raign in *Sion*, to tryumph of Sinne;
And, worſhipped in Spirit and Truth, reſtore
Vpon the Earth the Golden Age of yore:
Accept this Queen, as of all Heathen Princes
The deer First-Fruits: take on thee our Offences,
That, ſtript of *Adam*'s Sinfull ſute, in fine
With ſacred Angels wee in Heau'n may ſhine.
The Queen, nigh ſunk in an Amaze-full Swoun,
Beſpake him thus: My Lord, prattling Renown
Is wont in flying to increaſe ſo far,
That ſhe proclaims things greater than they are:
And, rareſt Spirits reſemble Pictures right,
Wherof the rareſt ſeem more exquiſite,
Far-off, then neer: but, ſo far as thy Fame
Excels all Kings, thy Vertues paſſe the ſame?
Thy peer-les Praiſe ſtoops to thy Learned tongues,
And enuious bruit hath done thy Wiſedom wrong.
So may I ſay, euen ſo (ô SCOTISH King)
Thy winged Fame, which far and wide doth ring,
From th'edge of *Spain* hath made me venturouſly
To croſſe the Seas thy *Britain*'s end to ſee:
Where (Lord!) what ſaw I? nay, what ſaw I not?
O King (Heau'n-choſen, for ſome ſpecial Plot),
Worlds Miracle, ô Oracle of Princes!
I ſaw ſo much, my Soule miſtruſts my Senſes.
A gray-beards Wiſedom in an amber-buſh,
A *Mars*-like Courage in a Maid-like bluſh,

A settled Iudgement with a supple Wit,
A quicke Discourse, profound and pleasing yet;
Virgil and *Tullie*, in one spirit infus'd,
And all Heau'ns Gifts into one Head diffus'd.
Persist, O King, glory on glory mount;
And, as thy Vertues thine owne Fame surmount,
So let thy future passe thy former more,
And go-before those that haue gone-before:
Excell thy Self: and braue, graue, godly Prince,
Confirme my Songs eternall Euidence.

FINIS.

4 JUG2